Prudence is the Ally of Providence.—See page ii of Cover.

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JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 510. SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see page 23

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The REAL Traitors

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary Life and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin. We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

March 11, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

March 11, 1916.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

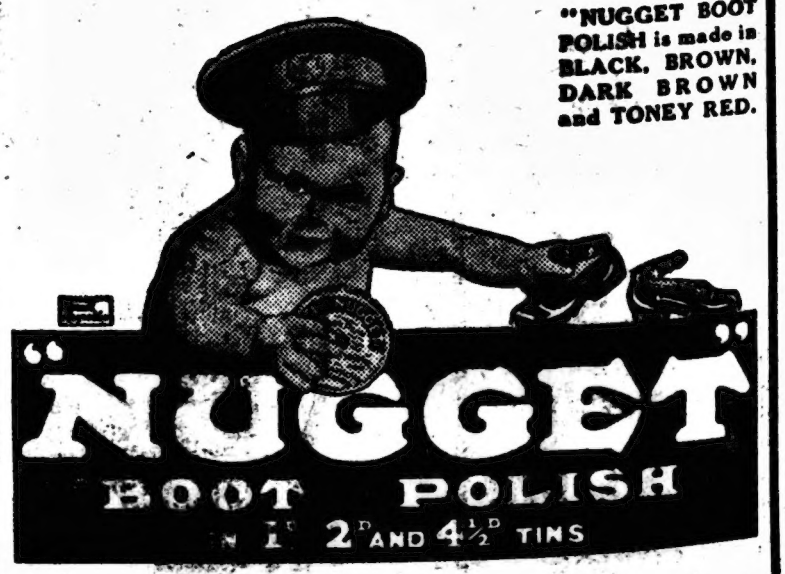
Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

Economise in Sugar
by using
IDEAL MILK
Fresh Milk concentrated to the consistency of cream.
NO SUGAR USED AT ALL
Cash Price, 6½d. & 8½d. per tin. Of all Grocers and Stores.
THE EVERYDAY MILK
As supplied to the Army and Navy.
Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.
By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

"All we Military chaps use it."

"NUGGET BOOT POLISH is made in BLACK, BROWN, DARK BROWN and TONEY RED.



"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 510. Week ending Saturday, March 11th 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Sly—Devilish Sly!"

So Mr. Masterman is engaged in the Secret Service, is he? Wherefore, no questions may be asked. But Masterman's "services" always *were* secret!

A New Owner.

Congratulations to the Prime Minster on becoming, in the name of the Government, a racehorse owner. We wish him luck, but he must not keep Mr. Acland on as manager.

Insulting the King.

This young man, by the way, had the audacity, and the bad taste, to describe racing as "a low down kind of sport"—and he is a minister of the King! What about the dirty game of politics?

The Business Way.

Congratulations, too, to the Manchester City Council, which has decided to have no transactions with any person of German or Austrian nationality. Government Departments, please copy.

That Air Minister.

We shall get an Air Minister right enough—some day, but only after kicking up a row. More row, more speed is the maxim in politics.

Quite True.

"The newspaper speaks to ten where the pulpit speaks to one. Mr. Horatio Bottomley has a larger audience than all the preachers in the United Kingdom." But what about the collection?

Brought to Reason.

Of course, something must be done to prevent men called up being sold up. So the Government, which a week or two ago refused to introduce legislation, is now burning the midnight oil drafting a "scheme"!

A Text for the "C.O."

We mean "Conscientious Objector." It is from Luke xxii, 36. "Then He said unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; *and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one.*" Perhaps *that* will calm their doubts.

Law.

Three Judges of the Divisional Court were unanimously of opinion that the jockey, Huxley, whilst a minor and without guardian or trustee, was not assessable to Income Tax; three Judges of the Appeal Court are unanimously of opinion that he is. And yet every citizen is supposed to know the law!

Common Sense.

You would hardly expect it, but the Local Government Board has actually had the brains to declare that for the purposes of war service a divorced man is single.

More Candidates Wanted.

Our recent request for names of men with business training prepared to stand for Parliament at the next election has brought us many applications. But we want more; you see, 670 is a lot to get together.

Coincidence.

From a letter, signed "A Soldier's Wife," in the *Daily Mail*, on the subject of women's views about reprisals: "A bomb for a bomb; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; and three Germans for every Briton." Wonder where the writer got that idea from!

A Reading Rumpus.

What is all this we hear about a row between the Reading Liberal Association and the Reading *Women's* Liberal Association? Empty as both names now sound, the men do not appear to have come very well out of the business. But hadn't both sides better ask "Rufus" to intervene? He has a way with him in these matters.

German Gold.

The other day Germany ordered 250 transport wagons in Switzerland—and then offered paper money in payment; but gold was insisted upon—and not forthcoming! *Verb. sap.*

A Woman's Prophecy.

You *must* read the article in *Everywoman's* for March 11th, entitled "A Woman's Prophecy." It will interest you and all your women friends.

Once Again.

JOHN BULL, January 1st, 1916:—

AFTER SLOAN——?

Having for "good and sufficient reason" packed off little Tod to his native land, perhaps the Home Secretary will now "take on someone of his own size." What about the boxing crook, Jack Johnson?

Daily Mail, February 28th, 1916:—

JACK JOHNSON To Go.

Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, leaves for Buenos Aires on Friday. As the result of representations made to the Commissioner of Police, he has received orders to go immediately, under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Ourselves.

A slightly smaller paper this week. But the loss is ours—*and* that of our advertisers, to whom we apologise—the amount of "reading matter" remaining practically the same.

Who doesn't trouble, finds trouble. **See page ii of cover.**

Silly Billy.

Clough, the curious creature who sits for Skipton, has once more put his foot in it. Making a speech at Silsden Liberal Club, he "not only vehemently denounced the Military Service Act, but indulged in a violent attack on Lord Derby." Greatly to his surprise, his Chairman called him over the coals, and some plain speaking brought Clough to his senses. True to its instincts, the worm crawled, and this M.P. "asked the press to refrain from taking notes." But they "put it down," and "the Chairman's rejoinder will be read throughout the district with great satisfaction."

Bagmen.

According to the dictum of Mr. Radford, M.P., as laid down by him in the House of Commons, "Recruiting officers are like commercial travellers; it is their business to lie." Now, to be more polite than Mr. Radford, his remark is just not true. The commercial traveller's business is to sell his goods; should he tell lies about them, he would soon lose his customers. The member for Islington insulted a first-class body of men, and recruiting officers into the bargain; these gentlemen, in matters of veracity, are usually far in advance of the average M.P., who is an adept in disguising the truth.

Sold Aga'n.

Several reasons are obvious why this war is costing us five millions a day, thirty-five millions a week, or one thousand eight hundred and twenty millions a year. Here is one of them. A certain London firm offered the Government plumbago, which was refused. They put it in the hands of brokers, who sold it to the Government at an enormous profit. Another firm had some articles which they offered to the Government at 5s. each. The Government declined to make the deal. A well-known London firm bought them at the price, and then resold them to the Government at 5s. 9d. Oh, for a——!

Paper Waste.

The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, having prepared a 4-page circular giving "An Outline of the Military Service Act," has been sedulously distributing it. In one provincial town, where there is a row of ten shops, each shop received ten circulars. A reference to the Register would have shown the Committee that there are but two eligibles in all the buildings, so that 98 circulars out of the lavished 100 were totally unnecessary. It is as bad a case of waste as we have met with, and we begin to understand why there is a paper famine.

Patriotism at 5 per Cent.

Archbishops are often irritating, seldom amusing. The Archbishop of York creates a record by being both the one and the other. All the sacrifices made by our soldiers and sailors will be in vain, he says, unless we practise "self-discipline in expenditure." To prove that his actions agreed with his advice, he said he "set an example." You would never guess what it is, so we must explain. He has "shut up half his house, reduced half of his establishment charges, and put every penny he could into the War Loan." There is patriotic self-discipline, if you like! Sack your servants—poor beggars!—save your money, and pat yourself on the back because you are getting 5 per cent. for it! And here is more amusement by an Archbishop: "Wealth in every form, whether a large income or a sufficient wage, was not their own, but a trust owed to the community, and, behind the community, to God." His Grace gets £10,000 a year, which may be called "a large income," and is certainly "a sufficient wage." If it is not his own, but if he owes it to the community and to God, why does he hoard it at 5 per cent.?

Huns' Handicraft.

Near Hawick, which is in Scotland, is an internment camp, in which are Germans. Wood being scarce nowadays and difficult for Scotsmen to procure, makes it all the more reasonable that German prisoners should have as much as they want. For a long time past, wagon-loads of pine and other fine woods have been carted up to that camp. The happy Huns carve it, pack it up in boxes from the grocers', and ship it, their delicate handiwork, off to America. A friend reports: "I saw 13 cwts. sent up last week." Nobody can say we are not kind to animals.

Poor Kelly!

The Isle of Man as a dwelling-place must be a kind of earthly paradise for the well-to-do. It makes one's mouth water to know that there, in Manxland, is no income-tax to dodge, nor any death duties to pay. When we add that there are no old age pensions it will be realised that the poor of the Island are less fortunate. The moneyed people opened their purses to subscribe for overcoats for alien prisoners on the Island—about 45,000 of whom get their three good meals a day. But as for their own native poor, stricken in years and infirmity—God help them! The Manx Government does not.

Tenant Right.

"The landlord wants the house, and you must get out within 21 days," was the cold comfort offered to a woman householder by the Chairman of a Bench of Magistrates, who has apparently never heard of the recent Rents Act, devised for the express purpose of protecting tenants against harsh treatment of this kind. Under the provisions of this Act, the mere fact that "the landlord wants the house" is not a good and sufficient reason for the ejectment of a tenant. It must be shown that he wants it for his own occupation, and that his intention in the matter is honestly stated, proposals by landlords to turn out tenants for the purpose of occupying their own houses having been suspiciously frequent of late.

Westminster's Word.

Westminster is rich—rich enough to keep its word, one would hope, for it certainly cannot afford to break it. Yet this is what the City Council has done, and done cruelly. When war broke out, the Council advised their fit men to join the Army, and plenty of fine fellows went with a good heart, believing their homes would be safe, because Westminster promised to pay half-wages to wives while the men were away. Nearly all those men, being picked men, are on foreign service; and it will come as a blow to them that the Council has broken faith. Wives who received 16s. weekly have now had the amount suddenly reduced to 4s. 6d. This will not do. A pledge given must be kept. Gentlemen in private life guard their plighted word very strictly; the Council must take care of its honour.

Army Scrap.

A Quartermaster, of long experience, suggests a remedy for waste in the Army. He advocates a central body in each Command where all condemned material should be sent. Clothing—instead of going, as it now goes, to contractors with "funny names"—should be examined at the depôt, renovated, repaired, and re-issued as part-worn for recruits in training. Shirts could easily be made good again, and socks re-footed. Soldiers, he says, never mend their shirts, drawers, cardigans, or socks; it is so easy to get a new garment, and the partly-worn one passes to the contractor as a matter of course. Our correspondent wants a big warehouse in each Command where everything could be examined, but all his suggestions are so full of common sense that we have no possible hope of their adoption.

British made, highest grade, the "John Bull" Pen.

Fatuity *in Excel sis.*

The new lighting Order—or dis-lighting Order—for the Midlands, issued by "Herbert Samuel, One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State," commands that "in factories . . . at night the roof areas and windows must be covered over or obscured," and that, we imagine, is a very wise precaution to ensure the safety of munition works. And then one stares to find this proviso immediately following the rule:—"Provided that lighting may be maintained in armament works and other factories engaged in the manufacture of articles required for the fulfilment of Government contracts." So, if everything is done as ordered, the only illuminated marks left for the Zeppelins to aim at will be—the munition factories! Is there some pro-German genius who drafts these Regulations?

A Dangerous Doctrine.

At the Skipton Petty Sessions, a local solicitor was responsible for the amazing contention that a motorist could not properly be convicted of "driving in a manner dangerous to the public" unless he had "wilfully" endangered the lives and limbs of other users of the road. In the case before the Bench, an inexperienced lady motorist had run down and injured a pedestrian, the defence being that she had "momentarily lost her presence of mind." The suggestion that the absence of "wilful" wrong-doing entitled the defendant to acquittal seems to have completely captured the Magistrates, and so strongly did it impress the police that they were unwilling to "press the case." We congratulate the defendant upon her good fortune—but if this view of the law is upheld, the public safeguards against dangerous driving, often due to incompetence at the wheel, will be sensibly diminished.

Ruddy Ch ek.

Mr. W. Woolley, a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Blackburn, has been re-elected President of the Blackburn and District Band of Hope Union—a signal and well-merited honour upon which we warmly congratulate him. Perhaps, however, it is upon his reputation as a statistician that Mr. Woolley's title to fame will ultimately rest. As a result of a strict watch kept, the worthy Magistrate is able to state that on one evening between 8 p.m. and 10 p.m., 2,313 women and 3,207 men entered twelve public-houses in the Blackburn area. "These figures," says Mr. Woolley, "ought to make us blush." The spectacle of a Blackburn Magistrate garbed in the ruddy hues of outraged virtue will, no doubt, be eminently diverting to the local Bands of Hope, but try as we will, we cannot get up a streak of pink to keep his Worship in countenance. Is there any reason, apart from a fussy Magistrate's impertinent objection, why the citizens of Blackburn should not be permitted to quench their normal thirst?

Loose Language.

The Rev. H. P. B. Chubb, of Hatchford Parsonage, Cobham, uses loose language and then objects to be called over the coals for it. In his Parish Magazine he raised the rather stale complaint that some people do not attend church just when he thinks they should, and added that children, when they grow up, will "do as father does, and offer their worship at the Green Goose or the Blue Pig." When a London newspaper quoted his remarks, with a pendant to the effect that "statistics show that drunkenness has reached a vanishing point in Surrey," the Vicar expresses himself as startled, and he "particularly objected" to the footnote. Of course he did, for it swept away his innuendo that "father" worshipped drink, and that a visit to a public-house was a shameful thing. "I own that I didn't express myself very lucidly," says Mr. Chubb. His words were so extremely lucid that people could draw from them only an inference that is proved to be quite false.

To the R.S.P.C.A.

If there is an Inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the neighbourhood, will he be good enough to keep open his eyes to what goes on on the banks of some of the mines near Newcastle-on-Tyne? The lads in charge of horses there behave very cruelly to them, a correspondent assures us—"They seem to have little idea of kindness, and the time they are awaiting a wagon-load of goods is often spent in torturing the animals." As an example, the Inspector should lay hold of one of these lads by the ears.

Worse than War.

Rumours from Switzerland have reached us to the effect that in certain parts of Hungary, where the war has greatly depleted the male population, the surviving men are to be permitted to marry any number of wives not exceeding five. If this "privilege" is to be confined to stay-at-homes who hitherto have escaped the shocks and perils of the battle-field, it seems only poetic justice that they should be made to realise that "peace has her miseries rather worse than war." But if polygamy is to be extended to surviving combatants, it will not be long before the bulk of them start cursing the fate that did not let them "like a soldier fall."

A Word with the L.C.C.

Although technically a British Company, Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., manufacturers among other things of the "Veritas" incandescent gas-mantle, have been placed on the black list of the Australian Government as a firm of enemy taint. In these circumstances, we are surprised to learn that the London County Council have confirmed and extended their contract with Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co. for the supply of wrought-iron tubing. Were there no genuine British tenders, or was it merely a question of cheapness? In the latter event, "economy" has been put before patriotism in a manner which London ratepayers will justly resent.

A Guardian's Grumble.

The West Ham Guardians have little cause to admire the philanthropic methods of the Salvation Army. It seems that upon several occasions children boarded-out by the Salvationist authorities have become chargeable to the rates, their pious patrons being apparently indifferent to their fate. In one recent instance, payments for a child's maintenance had ceased at the expiration of one week, when the poor waif became a candidate for admission to the workhouse. "When the public read the glowing reports of the work of the Salvation Army," says an indignant Guardian, "they ought also to know that case after case has occurred in which children were brought to the workhouse and left to become a drag on the rates." What says the breezy Bramwell?

***Jejune* Justice.**

At the West London Police Court the other day Maurice Schaffer, a naturalised Austrian, was summoned for an assault upon his wife. It seems that the cowardly ruffian, true to his Teutonic instincts, had struck the woman in the face with such violence that one of her teeth had been knocked out. Confronted with this tale of brutality, the Magistrate, Mr. John de Grey, first indulged in one or two feeble and ill-timed witticisms, and then declared that "it was really a question of the value of the tooth," which he assessed at £3, the husband being fined this amount. There the case ended, and we presume the defendant is now at liberty to knock out the rest of his wife's teeth, and perhaps a few of the neighbours', provided he is willing to pay for them at £3 or so a time.

The Home Journal for all is "Everywoman's."

"Taking Cover."

A number of readers have expressed a desire to obtain a copy of the original drawing by Mr. Lawson Wood, entitled "Out-Generalled," which Mr. Frank Holland adapted for the cartoon published in our issue of February 5th—depicting a "slacker" sheltering under the cloak of a soldier on guard, whilst Lord Kitchener is passing by. The copyright of the well-known work—in which the hiding figure is, of course, that of a lady—is the property of Messrs. Lawrence and Jellicoe, Ltd., of 34, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., from whom a beautiful reproduction, in colour, may be obtained for 1s. 1d., post free.

King and Cadi.

The King, visiting wounded soldiers in hospital, stopped at the bedside of a boy of 17, who had stated his age on enlistment as 19. "How old are you?" asked the King, with a smile. "Nineteen, sir," said the lad stoutly. "Ah, that's your military age, isn't it?" remarked his Majesty, with another laugh. Then he shook hands with the boy, and passed on. . . . The Magistrate at Sheffield City Police Court had before him a boy, aged 16, who had sworn he was 18 when attesting, because he was not afraid to fight. The Magistrate sent him to gaol for 14 days. Was the King right? Or the beak? The King can do no wrong. And some Magistrates can never do right. The Sheffield cadi who marked a boy with the prison brand because of his burning, eager patriotism—what does he merit at the hands of the King?

Gratitude!

Signs are not wanting that the Government will take a lot of looking after if the men broken in the war are not to be victimised by official professors of red-tape and bunkum. A very large number have already been discharged as consumptives. They were good enough in health to pass the doctor when they joined, or they were not; if they were not, why were they passed? Out of the rigours of Army life they might have gone on for long years; in it, and of it, they have been broken. Now the Government have the audacious meanness to turn round, with their tongues in their cheeks, and mumble out their considered refusal to grant pensions to men invalided from the Front and incapacitated through illness. Even those who have passed through the valley of the shadow of death in agony through gassing, and who are no longer fit for service, are not to receive pensions. Well, we must see about it. The well-paid red tape merchants and hair-splitters of the War Office are not going to have it all their own way.

Inspect the Inspectors.

Kissing, as all the world knows, goes by favour. But which of us, by the wildest stretch of imagination, dared to dream that Shell Inspectorships would ever "go" by the same mysterious means? Yet, since the passing of the Munitions Act, such appears to be the case. Instances of the inexplicable appointment of utterly unqualified men to such posts have already been mentioned in Parliament, and many equally astonishing cases of placing round men in square holes have since been brought to our notice. Some of our latest information comes from Ireland, where we hear of one Shell Inspector who could not read the drawing that was handed to him, but attempted to decipher it upside down. Another Inspector proved to be a bankrupt grocer from London, who, when handed a gauge, did not know what to do with it. We hear, again, of a *foreman* Shell Inspector, a former schoolmaster, who rejected faultless shells for the ingenious reason that he had "never seen any like them before." Is it surprising that "experts" of this type are the laughing-stock of the qualified mechanics who work under them? We are moved to wonder how long such a state of affairs would be tolerated at Essen

A Scot's Lament.

Thus saith the Seumas MacGarahd, writing in the *Scottish Nation*: "See how the poor Scot hails his weekly copy of John Bull and eagerly devours the foreign eloquence of the heroic Bottomley, while such papers of Scottish individualism as the *Scottish Nation* and *Guth na Bliadhna* are still so much *terra incognita* to the great multitude." In other words, the Scot pipes unto the Scots, but they do not dance; he mourneth unto them, and they do not lament. Truth is, the Scots love a cheerful giver, and in John Bull the cup runneth over.

Worth Consideration.

Even in a police-court good repute and public service should count for something. In the case of a taxi-driver with a 27 years' character for honesty and sobriety, with one son killed in the war, a second paralysed, and a third still fighting, all these facts went for nought. The rear light of his cab was jerked out through a bad road, and the consequence was a fine of 20s., and an endorsement on his licence. It is the latter blot that hurts. Such a man likes to keep his sheet clean, and it is hard indeed that his record should be smirched by a Magistrate with one quick eye for a small failure and the other stone blind to merit.

Dutch Cunning.

The renewed activity of Dutch bulb-growers, who are again sedulously circularising for custom, moves us to repeat our hope that lucky people, able to spend money on their gardens, will spend that money at home. Quite a new touch by the Dutchmen, who used to plead their own poverty, is the suggestion that the bulbs now offered are Belgian grown. One wary merchant's circular, addressed to "Lady and Gentlemen" as a pleasing change from "Dear Sir (or Madam)," insinuates this: "The prices are very moderate, I would say they are nearly sold without a price." That may be—or may not; either way, we prefer the cash to remain in the country.

Three "Richmonds" in the Field?

The scheme of securing payment for so-called "expenses" from advertisers anxious to arrange a loan, is evidently not the copyright of our old acquaintance, E. Newbound, of Leeds. A reader who desired extra capital had two unsatisfactory experiences. One person received £3 13s. 6d. for "expenses," giving the name of "J. W. Newbond," also of Leeds. We hesitate to think the man was trading on the reputation of the old, original E. Newbound, but, supposing there was no connection, the old practitioner might obtain an injunction against what appears to be a colourable imitation of his methods. The second person was one Amey, of Kew, who secured money, for railway fares and drafting an agreement, to the extent of about £4, and now even disdains to answer letters. Would-be borrowers should note these ways of not doing business.

The Wrong Bottle.

In a recent advertisement of their Drug Department, Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., go out of their way to sneer at "the chaotic muddle of the ordinary chemist's shop," where "many a time and oft" patients have received "the wrong bottle altogether." Truly a tragic fate; but what about the unfortunate employee of Messrs. Harrods who, when suffering from neuralgia, was supplied by their wonderful Drug Department with a poisonous mixture which not only relieved his facial pains, but almost cured him of the remaining ills of life? A nasty accident that for a "new Model Dispensary" which has "gone as near to perfection as is humanly possible"; but we are glad to learn that steps have at length been taken to "ensure that no ingredients but the right ones shall get into your medicine bottle." A wonderful firm!

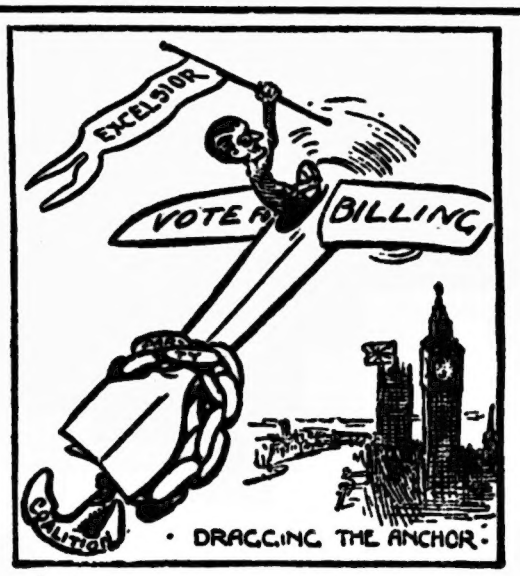
Only the Blind fail to see. **See page ii of cover.**

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW"

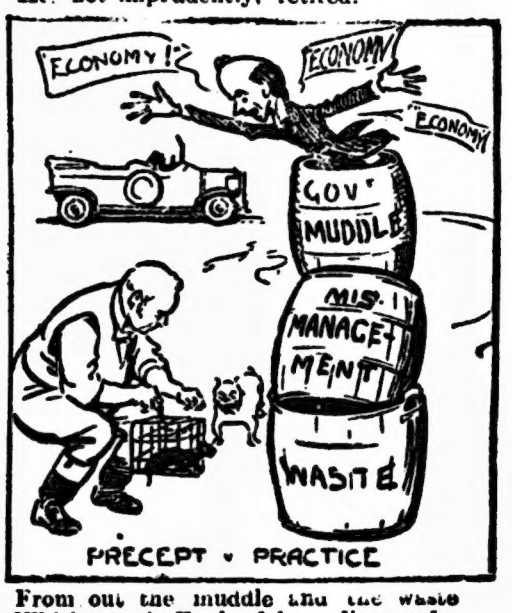
Despite evasions that are scheemed,
The Derby pledge must be redeemed;
To call up married men were hard,
While countless single men are starred.

To Verdun forts the Kaiser came
To see fu'filled his kultured aim:
Then, seeing more than he desired,
He, not imprudently, retired.



It is too soon to prophesy,
But there are portents in the sky
Foretelling triumph for P.B.,
And a hard knock for "Wait and See"

The pious rulers of our land
In racing mean to take a hand:
Forsaking puritanic gods,
They hope to profit by the odds.



From out the muddle and the waste
Which merrie England have disgraced,
Behold, a prophet doth arise
To teach us to economise!

Unsheltered in the icy sleet,
The brave, the faithful, and the fleet,
While General Dashanblanket dines,
Are dying nightly in "the lines."

No More "Holborn" Silk.

The very many readers who have complained about the "Holborn Silk Market" and "S. Lewis and Co.," will be interested to learn that the person who conducted his questionable operations under those titles is no more to be found at 10, High Holborn. The landlord of the premises tells us that immediately he read our paragraph he took steps to clear his premises of such an undesirable tenant, whose occupancy, therefore, only lasted a bare two weeks.

Helping the Huns.

We may be sinfully hard of heart, but we cannot pretend to the least enthusiasm for the work of the "Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress." It may be said, of course, that but for the charitable efforts of the Committee, the distressed Huns would have become a charge upon the rates, but should not there be a poll-tax upon wealthy Germans and Austrians in this country for the relief of their compatriots?

Curiosity.

Just as a matter of curiosity, will some Member of Parliament move for a return inquiring how many M.P.s have relatives of military age employed in Government arsenals and offices and controlled munitions works?

Wonder of Wonder.

The dear old firm of D'Abernon, Pedder and Co., of the Central Uncontrolled Board, are still merry and bright, we notice. Their latest is to authorise a sale dilution of whisky, brandy, rum and gin to 49 per cent. Customers may now ask for half-a-quartern of "half-and-half." What the reward of the D'Abernon firm will be after the war is not yet revealed by Mr. Lloyd George. How about a monument in the form of a pump and bucket?

The Farmer and the Boy.

Who is the Buckland farmer who wants to employ a boy of 13 years of age ten hours a day, without meals, from 5.30 in the morning, and give him four shillings a week wages? A proposal of this kind has come before the Frome Education Committee, who have adjourned the case for a fortnight for further negotiation. Doesn't the farmer know that it is written, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"?

Sharing the Burden.

The Committee on Retrenchment in Public Expenditure recommend, amongst other things, that: "Power should be obtained to enable old-age pensions to be temporarily suspended . . . when a pensioner's means are increased above the statutory limit." But the Committee were warned not to touch on M.P.s' self-voted salaries!

The Pen that is ousting all others, the "John Bull" Pen.

THE REAL TRAITORS.

COWARDICE AND CANT IN PARLIAMENT—AND OUT.

By the Editor.

We must make a clean sweep of them. Already there has been much soft talking and soft doing. These conscience cowards are a danger to the State, and the Government must see to it that they do no more harm. It was never intended when the Military Service Bill was passed that the coward, by prating of Christianity and snivelling about the crime of killing, was to escape his duty as a citizen while brave men were snatched from real responsibilities to parent and wife to fight the battles for these traitors and cravens. Yes, traitors. The word is a strong one, but it is true. It applies with equal justice to the conscience coward and the peace crank—to the Snowdens and Trevelyans of the House of Commons who would have us in the hour of France's agony parley with the foe, and to the mean grovellers who whine before the Tribunals about their duty to their God, while denying their duties to man and woman. With all his hideous faults and licentious ways, do you think the Germhun is manufacturing a conscience to betray his country, and, if he did, do you think the Kaiser and his men of war would tolerate it for a moment? This is war—bloody, relentless, hideous war—the war of the Soul of the World against the incarnate Fiend of Evil. Every sane man of fighting strength, every sound man of military age, owes it to his God and his country, to his King and his Empire, to take up arms against this sea of troubles, and, by opposing, help to put an end to the menace of the Evil One—to play his part in the struggle for Civilisation and Humanity.

Your Life or Your Soul, Which?

Is this the time to fashion a weapon out of "conscience" to help the enemy? Is this the moment to build up the excuses of a fraudulent Christianity and a debased religion, and while saving your skin to lose your soul? In the name of all that is righteous let every able-bodied man search his conscience for a thousand reasons why he should bear arms in this world war, not degrade his manhood by taking the name of the Master in vain. I confess to a feeling of physical nausea as I read of creatures, bearing British names, playing false to their birth by denying their obligation to the country which succoured them, and the State which protects them. What is to be said of the man who is making money out of the war by fashioning military equipment, and yet who dares to stand up in the light of day and in this hour of his country's peril, and with brazen face declare: "I object to taking an oath of allegiance to any king, or to fighting, or murdering or butchering"? No, he would not fight to protect his home if the Germans came—not by *violence;* he would use *persuasion.* All praise to the Tribunal who refused to pay heed to such nauseating nonsense. Would that the same sane spirit, the same rough common-sense characterised all those who are charged with the duty of judging between bogus consciences and a country's danger. A man who is so poor and mean a thing that he cannot take the risk of dying for his country is not fit to live in it. "I cannot see from the Scriptures that I can take life"—whines another—"the Lord said, 'Love your enemy.'" "Then do you love the Kaiser?" "I do not think I have any malicious feeling against him. I would like to do my best, if I got the opportunity, of doing him a good turn." Was there ever such pestilential cant? There is not a man of whole body and full blood in this country who would not order such a creature to stand in the fighting line with our gallant Allies at Verdun, and learn to love the Kaiser better as the Germhun guns battered him to pulp. No, such a fate is too good for Kaiser lovers. It would be an honour for any man to share fighting and death with these wonderful sons of fair France, who are saving their souls in losing their lives. That kind of death is not the end which should be decreed for these vermin of our civilisation. And the pity of it is, that their shame is cloaked in newspaper anonymity while the nation is shamed by the publicity given to their infamous declarations.

Prostitution of Manhood.

What can you imagine the women of France—who have suffered in a way, thank God, few English women have yet suffered—think when they hear and read of men who prostitute their "conscience" to save their skins? "Let the German soldiers come here; let them spit the babies on their bayonets, and violate mother, wife or sister—I should not raise a hand in anger." Is that a wickedly imaginary statement? Read the humiliating records of the Tribunals, and realise what hideous things can be said and proclaimed in the name of a bastard brotherhood; yes, and even in the name of the Holy Ghost. "Others may shed their blood to protect our women and girls; others may fight that my family may live in comfort, free from the risk of invasion, safe from the hands of the ravisher. I shall not fight; it is against my conscience and my God." And the shame and the infamy of it is that these creatures, made in the image of Him whose teaching they insult, and calling upon a name they in deed revile, are allowed to sneak back into security—to hide their heads, as well as their names, while others, sacrificing everything at the call of country, fill the gaps which young and lusty, but degenerate and degraded, fellows are permitted to leave in the fighting ranks. This thing must stop. It is an insult to the nation; it is already tarnishing our reputation with our gallant and all-giving Allies. There is no such thing as an honest conscience against the defence of home and motherland. It was a deplorable sign of weakness when the Prime Minister gave way to the clamour which put conscience before country, and turned the ethics of Christianity into a justification of cowardice. The bold, the wise, the patriotic and the statesmanlike course faced the Government. But—threatened with revolt within and disaffection without—they compromised with the right and surrendered to weakness. Now we see the result. A strong policy would have saved the day; everyone would have been placed on the same basis. Lord Kitchener, as War Secretary, would have said where a man should go and what he should do. There would have been no cajoling of the single men,

no false promises to the married. And under a general call of service to the State, without fear or favour, exception or exemption, a great and real brotherhood of fighting men would have grown up, men eager to do and to die—all pressing to the fight—none hanging back with lies on the lips and deceit in the heart. It is not too late to remedy the evil and stop this masquerade of the Conscientious Objector—this danger to the body politic, born of malicious sentiments and treasonable utterances. For it is malicious and it is treasonable to do or say anything which keeps back the waverers from the fighting line, and, by depleting our ranks, gives aid and comfort to the enemy.

Double-Dyed Traitors.

Not only in the "Conscientious Objectors" to fighting are the cowards and the traitors to be found. Those who talk of peace when there is no peace—men who seek to undermine the purpose of this country for war, and to weaken the arm of the executive in its prosecution—are, in my opinion, double-dyed traitors, and deserve the bullet in the early morning at the Tower. I say it is an outrage that there should remain in the Cabinet, at this time of our Empire's peril, any man who is not heart and soul for winning this war, and strong in the faith that wills and wins. Yet we are to believe that there is, at least, one such who sits at the Council table to-day, who behind the backs of his colleagues has sought to stimulate opposition to those methods of compulsion for military service without which, we have the assurance of Lord Kitchener, we cannot do our part to make victory sure. I pay my tribute to the *Morning Post*, which is determined to drag the truth from the member for Tottenham, Mr. Percy Alden. He has made the statement publicly that he was requested by a still existing member of the Cabinet to promote an agitation, only a few weeks before the Military Service Bill was introduced. Who *is* that man? We must have his name; he must be made to come out into the open—and if Mr. Alden's allegation is proved to be true, then he should not be allowed to remain a day longer one of his Majesty's Ministers. Here is one of those cases where the King must *be* King. What, again, of the traitors within the House of Commons? The men who dare, when we are at death grips with the foe, to talk of bartering terms with the Hun. Nay, more, these men would send messages of despair and death to our Allies, and of hope to the foe. They have stood in the House of Commons, and told the world that "we cannot win"; all the blood and tears, the sufferings of men and the agony of women, are to go for naught, to be as a drop in the deep ocean of failure. And the British House of Commons has given them hearing! It is with feelings of hot indignation, of burning shame, that the nation has witnessed the spectacle of Parliament, united in a Party truce, permitting the infamy of speeches from men whose every act has been to weaken us in the eyes of the world, and whose every word is calculated to "aid and comfort" the foe. These men, who have filched their pay from the national purse, are doing their best to weaken the national will and depress the national resolve.

An Insult to the Nation.

Such men as the Snowdens, the Trevelyans, and the Ponsonbys of Parliament are an insult to the representative principle. They do not voice the opinion of the honest men who, in pre-war days, sent them to join in the scramble for £400 a year; they speak only for a small band of faint-hearts and "conscience" malcontents who, rather than raise a hand against our country's foes, would see our land invaded and ravished. Yet, false as they are to their constituents, and false as I hold them to be to the oath they took to the King the day they were sworn in members of the House of Commons, they have neither the honesty nor the courage to act like men. Not content with misrepresenting their constituents, and continuing to take a wage they neither earn nor deserve, they commit the greater crime, the deeper infamy: they misrepresent the nation. It is an insult to our people—nay, more, it is a crime against civilisation—that these men should have been permitted to institute the so-called peace debate, and I count it as weakness, hard to forgive in the Prime Minister, that he should have been a party to allowing this cackling demonstration of the croakers and peace-cranks. Think of the world crisis of the moment, and then see how subtle and sinister is this talk of peace. Germhuny is making a desperate, and—who knows?—her last effort in the West.

Desperation of the Enemy.

We have reached a point in the crisis of the nations when he who depresses our people by prating of stalemate and denying the certainty of ultimate triumph, and heartens the German with assurances that he cannot be defeated, is as much a traitor to King and country as the soulless hound who takes up arms against his own flesh and blood. Germhuny is desperate; the soldiers of the infamous Kaiser are being hurled in reckless fury against the wall of manhood stretched across the path of the invader from the coast to Switzerland. Never let it be forgotten that this is only the German people's war so long as the picture of victory can be presented before their eyes. Prussian militarism is not merely fighting to ward off a crushing and ignominious defeat—it is struggling for its very life. Those wretched creatures in the House of Commons who have been repeating the parrot cry, "Don't humiliate Germany," are playing the dirty game of the enemy; are trying to save Prussian militarism from the annihilation which the God of Battles has decreed. It is only by stamping upon the Evil Spirit of Germhuny that her people will find the courage to complete the cleansing work by crushing it out. Let there be no mistake: an inconclusive peace would save the face of Prussian militarism—whilst, on the other hand, the people of Germhuny will turn and tear limb from limb the hideous monster, whose fangs drip with the blood of millions, when they see the sanguinary carcase of Militarism dragged through the mud of an Allied triumph. Every man who perjures his soul and does violence to his conscience by refusing to fight is as surely helping Germhuny as if he took up arms against his king. Every man who finds food for the minds of the craven at home with his deadly talk of an impossible victory, is aiding and comforting our enemies. Such dastardly, craven speeches as were made the other day in Parliament will be trumpeted forth in the land of the Hun as the notes of a despondent and despairing nation. Humble men and foolish females have been sent to prison for saying much less than the Snowdens and Trevelyans have been permitted to say in the Parliament House of the Empire. There is no real conscientious objector. He is a fraud—a sham and a shame—and he must be wiped out.

BRITAIN'S GREAT CHANCE.

WAKE UP, MEN OF BRAINS—COME INTO THE WORLD; FIGHT LIKE MEN.

By A. G. Hales.

My post-bag is my gauge of British feeling regarding the war. Men of all kinds and conditions write, asking "What can I do?" The "rich man in his castle," the lad in his cot, the merchant prince in his palatial home, all ask the same question, and some of them express themselves in words that burn. They say, "You tell us of facts as they stand, naked and ugly, but you do not tell us how we, the British people, can remedy the ills whose existence you prove up to the hilt. You tell us the things we know, but you show us no way out of the maze." The challenge is a fair one, and I accept it. You want a man who can lead you; a man who is no plaster saint, but for all that a big clear-brained Briton. Wait a while, and I will show you a giant—a man big enough and bold enough to lead a nation of lions, a man clever enough to point the path to success. Wait just a little longer, possess your souls in patience, and be strong, for the hour and the man are drawing together. You who looked skyward a few nights ago saw Jupiter and Venus so close together over old London, that you held your breath in awe. So will it be when the Man of Destiny and the moment of destiny come together.

Workers—Not Shirkers—Wanted.

Let us be cold, calm and strong; let us face facts boldly, for only by facing facts can we achieve success. Before this war broke loose, the destiny of our Empire was in the hands of a set of shallow fools—mere hot-air merchants, men who talked for the pleasure of hearing the melody of their own voices. They cried from the housetops, "All is well!" They did not tell the truth; you know they did not—no need to emphasise that fact; you know it. They had not the decency to retire into private life when their untruths were laid naked to the world; they clung to office, and to the perquisites of office, shameless, guilty and incompetent—they clung to power like barnacles to the bottom of a wreck. Is this false or true? Look into your own souls and find the answer. You have looked; you have found the answer—my post-bag proves it. But you ask what can be done. To-day, I am going to speak to the merchant princes, to the great manufacturers, to the leaders of finance, for many such have written to me; I am going to tell them what they can do *now*, in order that this country may reap the full reward of the bloody war that is devastating our finance, and draining away our people's life blood. Later on, I will point out to the small man what *he* can do to set things in order. Our men are fighting by land and sea, east and west. We are spending money at the rate of five million pounds daily. The blood spilt in battle can never be gathered up again. Our women can, if they do their duty, replace the gallant dead and fill the cradles. Let us have fewer females humbugging about in khaki, and more women with their feet on the rockers of cradles. But the baby mouths must be filled, and the "big" men owe it to the nation that the means to fill the baby mouths are not lacking. Merchants, manufacturers and financiers are gasconading about—making present money out of shipping, out of munitions, out of any old thing that lends itself to the "get rich quick" principle. There is precious little organised thought given to the *problems whereby the nation can get rich after the war*—and this nation has got to be rich after the war, to pay the price of the war. The people will have no source of wealth unless the war is ours—unless the merchants, the manufacturers and the financiers prepare the way *now*. Wages are going to drop to zero as soon as the munition factories close down, and the orders for army and navy food and clothing cease to roll in. The people don't think of this; the Government haven't got anything to think *with*—they are just a pack of lawyers, with no brains for anything but briefs. The merchants, manufacturers and financiers are the people who must do the thinking and the *acting*.

Rally The Business Men.

We don't want the business men in the trenches; their brains are worth more than their bayonets, so let them get together and inspire confidence, by formulating schemes which will employ every man, woman, boy and girl in the country as soon as army contracts cease. We don't want out-of-work riots: we will have them all over the country if the business intelligence of the nation does not take time by the forelock and act *now*. There should be no necessity for such riots—but people must eat, and quite frankly I say that the man who will see his family starve and remain passive is a cur, and deserves to have his face trodden into the mud. We need only brains, and the organisation of brains, and there will be no riots, for there will then be high-priced work for all. Now I am just going to place a concrete fact before you. Russia is our ally, tied to us by bonds of blood spilt in battle in a common cause. We must so organise our forces that Russian trade and commerce flows here. If it does not flow here the fault will be with our merchant princes, our manufacturers, our financiers. That trade is gigantic, it is colossal. I know Russia—know it well. There are seventy-eight million people there; if a man sells only a shirt collar to each Russian, he will make enough to keep a lot of hands busy in the British Isles. Do you know that since this war broke out a Yankee trader got one order for boots and shoes from Russia which came to sixteen million pounds—not roubles, but pounds sterling? That order ought to have come *here*; we have been doing the fighting and the financing—not the Yankees—but our business men were asleep. We haven't been fighting to make trade for the Yankees; we want it ourselves—*it's ours for the asking*. Just after the Russo-Jap. War, I crossed the great Gobi desert to Petrograd. I saw German names on shop fronts all over the place, and I then did my best to awaken British interest in the vast trade and manufacturing possibilities of the Muscovite Empire. Russia and Britain are built by nature to be friends, and trade and commercial allies. Britain has a population made up mainly of the best artisan-class on this planet. You can't make an artisan-class in a generation; the instinct of manufacture has to grow in the blood for generations—it is a microbe which develops only with the centuries. Russia has not a scrap of the genius of manufacture—it will take the Moujiks five hundred years to develop it—but Russia has all the *raw products*. Russia is the greatest nature country on this planet. I have searched for metals (and found them) on Lake Baikal. Russia has simply everything that we have not, and we have everything she has not. We are built by God and nature to walk and work hand in hand. Now, business men, get your brains to work, grasp this golden opportunity, grab those markets. Germany sold Russia about forty millions' worth of goods *per annum, prior to the war*. Grasp the opportunity—it is yours for the taking. We can double, treble and quadruple our trade if we act *now*. Russia wants us; Russia wants our finance to open her mines, her vast timber areas, all her stored up wealth—and make Britain rich, make her merry with work at high wages. Get in, or get out. If you cannot rise to such an occasion as this, you are mad.

NEW DEVICES OF THE DEVIL.

HOW TO CIRCUMVENT THEM ON SEA, ON LAND AND IN THE AIR.

BY CHARLES PALMER (late Editor of *The Globe*).

What is war? Looked at with sane eyes and not with the soft glances of the sentimentalist, war is extermination. It is the struggle of contending forces to gain the mastery by killing and maiming; the more deaths the better, and all deaths and no wounds best of all. If it is not the survival of the fittest, it is the survival of the strongest, and—carried on long enough—this war would end in the complete annihilation of the Germhun nation or the wiping out of the people of the Allies. That is war, and he who wages war with that end in view, with the purpose to kill and maim, to put out of action every creature who bears arms or makes arms, is waging war in the true way.

NEW SCHEMES OF DEVILRY.

Let us be done once and for all with mere denunciations of the Germhun. It is no use "killing the Kaiser with the mouth." He and his war fiends know what they are after; the subjection of Europe—yes, and of the whole world—to the rule of the Hun. They make no bones about their purpose; they make no bones about their methods. If poisoning rivers and filling the air with devastating microbes would help them to defeat the Allies, they would pollute the waters of Europe and make the air foul with death-dealing germs. In the laboratories of the scientist and the workshops of the war machines our fiendish enemy is using all the powers that God has given to man, and all the discoveries that thought and labour have unearthed, in the concentrated scheme of killing. It is time—indeed, it is past the time—that pastors and so-called moralists should cease their craven chatter and stand by the side of our fighting men in calling for all the resources of science and civilisation to be used against this world foe. Behind this ranting against reprisals is a false Christianity and a false humanity. "The principles of morality," say the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury in their canting resolution, "forbid a policy of reprisals which has as a deliberate object the killing or wounding of non-combatants, and believes that the adoption of such a mode of retaliation even for barbarous outrages would permanently lower the standard of honourable conduct between nation and nation." Was there ever such dishonest twaddle, such un-Christian Christianity? "Permanently lower the standard of honourable conduct"! Look the situation honestly in the face if you can, you bishops and prelates who would turn the other cheek to the death-dealing Hun and grasp the hand, as a "brother," of the defiler of women and children. Do you know even yet that we are at war against twentieth century devilry so cruel and callous that nothing but ruthlessness and frightfulness can avail? Do you realise that the only hope for any standard of honourable conduct between the nations of the world is to crush and grind in the dust of his own damnation this mad dog of Europe; can you understand that—if ever the means justified the end—any means, any methods almost, become a righteous instrument in the hands of ourselves and our Allies?

FIGHTING MEN ONLY WANTED.

There is a member of the Government who is against reprisals for the air raids which have taken toll of hundreds of our working population. His name is known to many; he pleads that he is "no butcher," that he will never give his consent to the bombing of open towns in Germany. Such a man—whatever his record of service—is, in my view, unfit to remain a day longer at his post. He does not understand what real war means; he is one of the kid-glovers; he would quote moral maxims while the Midlands were under fire from the sky, and stand upon the order of his conscience while the City of London disappeared in flames. Let there be no mistake—ruthless reprisal in every aspect of this war is the only safeguard for the "honour"—yes, the honour—"and welfare" of our Empire and the Allied cause. We have a new "frightfulness"; the Germhun submarines are to sink at sight all armed merchantmen. Let them. They are only seeking justification by lies for murder by method. For months the waters of the deep have been lapping over the bodies of women and children sent to their death by the torpedo of the submarine. Our answer to that challenge of the Hun was cruelly half-hearted. It was not the fault of the nation that the challenge was not taken up in grim earnest—that the strangle-hold of a deadly blockade did not starve the women and children of Germany long ago, and that every submarine pirate caught alive was not hanged in the public places of England. The spirit of the British people is strong for ruthlessness; it is time that spirit was reflected in every act of the Government, every day and every hour of the day, until the enemy is made to bite the dust. Do not let us forget that the Peoples of the Allies are fighting this war; not the Churches or the Parliaments. It is for them to fix the measure of endeavour, to proclaim the extent of the effort. If retaliation, if reprisals, if ruthlessness are the only means to the end, then the nations at war against the foe have the might—and will exercise the right—to call for rigorous war.

SHOOT AT SIGHT.

When we know that the new "frightfulness" is the answer to the splendid execution of our ships against the submarine of the enemy, we can reply by new determination and renewed efforts at extermination. Every armed merchantman must now shoot at sight. The skipper carries lives and cargo; in preserving both he is helping to win the war; in sinking the submarine he is helping to defeat the enemy. British and allied submarines and aircraft have orders not to approach merchant vessels. There is no room for doubt, therefore. Any submarine which deliberately "approaches or pursues a merchant vessel does so with hostile intention" (I am quoting an Admiralty Order), and the duty of the armed merchantman is clear, clear in law and in common-sense. He must sink at sight craft of the Hun. The submarine is now a mine-layer. Quietly, stealthily—without sign or sound—the waters are being strewn from below with the murderous mines. They float below the waves, just near enough to the surface to strike the submerged part of merchantman or liner or hospital ship. We have swept the seas of the German mine-layer, of the innocent-looking trawler that fishes not, but lays the spawn of destruction in the ocean. Now we must rid the highways of commerce of this new fiend, and in doing it we must know no pity, offer no quarter.

On land, on sea, or in the air, we must learn our lesson; it is the lesson of the German War Book—which casts aside the teachers of international law, who exhibit "a misconception due to intelligible but exaggerated and unjustifiable feelings of humanity, of the significance, the seriousness and the right of war," and declares for the "necessity of war and the safety of the State." Let the "necessity of war" be our justification, remembering that we have answered gas with gas, and shall soon be forced to turn upon the foe the murderous liquid fire that sears and burns to blindness and to death—make reply in kind to every engine and method of war a ruthless and desperate enemy may devise.

THE SLANDER OF THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

MRS. TOMMY AFTER THE SCALP OF MRS. HAROLD GORST.

If the wife of Lieutenant Harold Gorst, of the 5th Yorkshires—prospective Liberal candidate for North-West Wilts, and second son of the late Sir John Gorst—happened to be under the avalanche of letters which has descended upon us with respect to her recent strictures on soldiers' wives, she would by this time be pretty nearly smothered; not much else of her would be seen except hat and feathers. Like her husband, the lady is a professional writer, and apparently she is out for copy. From the early days of the war many parsons and most pumpuritans have expended a prodigious deal of time and breath and ink in slandering the soldier's wife. *Ad nauseam*, we have been told that she spends her money in drink, neglects her home, and is generally no better than she should be. As a matter of fact, the wife of the average soldier—being the wife of the average man—in respect of morals, domestic devotion, and economic ingenuity in household affairs, is no more in the way of meriting lectures from Mrs. Gorst than the class to which she herself belongs. "Seems to me," writes Mrs. Tommy, "from the way some people talk, instead of being an honour it is a disgrace to be a soldier's wife. My husband gave up a good position to join the Army, and as we have no children my allowance—including my hubby's allotment of 3s. 6d.—amounts to 16s., out of which I have to pay 6s. 6d. rent, to say nothing of coals, gas, insurance and food; truly, I have a lot left to buy such articles as Mrs. Gorst mentions. Now, with everything at such high prices, if I want to keep our little home together I have got to turn out and work myself—ten hours a day—and only too glad to do it. So I have not much time to spend in cinemas and saloon bars. And I am only one of a good many women working in factories to keep things going. Not all soldiers' wives are such creatures as Mrs. Gorst describes, so for God's sake stop her and such like from casting slurs at us while our husbands are fighting."

THE "*Tu Quoque*."

Another soldier's wife says that it makes her blood boil to read such scandal from mischief-making, interfering busybodies. She has to maintain five little ones and herself on her separation allowance, and in addition to send parcels to her husband in France. "As to the soldiers' wives Mrs. Gorst says that she has seen in saloon bars—well, I should imagine the woman saw double," continues the indignant lady. "It is pretty clear, if Mrs. Gorst saw these things which she is so sure about, she must have been in the public-house herself, perhaps to get out of the cold, or to get a little spirit to keep the visions before her eyes. As for soldiers' wives buying pianos, I had to sell mine to buy food and clothing for my children, as when the war broke out in August, 1914, I had to wait until October b fore I had any money from my husband's depôt. I hope her pen will burn her fingers next time she writes such lies."

TOIL AND TROUBLE.

So the protests come to our hands, one after another, shoal on shoal. They convey to us the idea that if Mrs. Gorst by any chance fell among our correspondents in the flesh, she would have a horrid time of it. "Let the lady visit me; I would tell her what I think of things," writes the wife of a soldier at Tooting: "it's a great pity she cannot find a better task than find fault with us." And this from Ebury Bridge: "How would Mrs. Gorst lay out 32s. 6d. and keep six children who need three loaves of bread a day (8s. 3½d. a week), 1 quartern flour (9½d.), insurance (1s.), and rent (6s. 6d.)? This leaves 16s. for clothes and food and light and fire, besides a pair of boots to buy or mend every week. We have to be grateful for meat once a week. There is not much left for rings, and long dangling ear-rings, or cinemas, leave alone sending our poor men a parcel.' There for the moment these slashing rejoinders must end, in mercy on the sinner. In common with so many others, Mrs. Gorst notices soldiers' wives here and there who waste while their children want; who spend in drink what their children need in boots and their homes need in comfort. That is true of some wives in every class of society, in peace as in war. In general, the wives of the men who are "doing their country's work," while they "look after the kids," are entitled to gratitude for their sacrifices, and sympathy in their struggles, and respect in the decent, orderly, self-respecting lives they live.

TWO JELLICOES.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"—EVEN AN HONOURED ONE?

"E. G. Jellicoe, of the Inner Temple," has recently been posing before American and other interviewers overseas as a great representative Briton, on the strength of his cousinship to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander of the British Fleet. The relationship is, of course, no fault of Sir John's, whilst the Admiral is certainly dissociated from the lawyer's opinions. "Famous English barrister says war will bring ruin to Britain," shrieks the headline of one paper, totally oblivious of the fact that E. G. Jellicoe has never been a famous English barrister; so far as our observation of the Courts goes, he is a fourth-rate barrister—known, where he is known, more for spasmodic notoriety than for fame. It is true that he "twice contested Liverpool with Sir F. E. Smith"—though he does not mention that upon the latter of these occasions only 451 voters out of 15,670 gave him their support. "Briton puts blame on the Allies," shrieks the headline in another paper. To both of them Jellicoe serves up his unpatriotic pro-Germhun opinions. We wonder they did not blister his lips as he uttered them. "France and England are more to blame for the war than Germany and Austria," he said. "I strongly condemn the part of England," is another phrase. "The war will end when America ceases to furnish the belligerent nations with the means of carrying it on," he assured the interviewers. "Britain's hour has struck, I am afraid," he told them. A pretty parcel for a man nurtured at the bosom of Mother England to carry about with him and froth abroad in neutral states! The evil such loquacious anti-British Britons as he do among neutrals is that, for the time being, they are taken at their own valuation. In this country nobody attaches any importance to them.

FOR VALOUR.

TWOPENCE A WEEK FOR A SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

In Glasgow dwells the widow of a soldier, killed at Loos, a brave man who won the D.C.M., and was also mentioned for a Russian order. A soldier does not receive such distinctions without deserving them. When, dying a glorious death, he left his memory to his widow, it surely carried with it the esteem and respect he had so nobly earned. But it seems that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association is of a contrary opinion. It has made a grant to the widow, and we have the docket before us. Let us quote it:—"The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association (Glasgow Branch), 18th January, 1916, undertake to give a grant of —— shillings, eight pence towards rent of house for month of Jany., 1916."

Is it parsimony, meanness, Scottish prudence, or sheer impertinence? Eightpence for a whole month—towards the rent; twopence a week; a farthing a day for January, with one more farthing to help carry the good woman over into February! Surely such a "grant" is an insult.

ECCLESIASTICAL ECONOMY.

THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE'S SPRING CLEAN.

The new Bishop of Newcastle is entitled to congratulation. We are at war, but he is about to have the mansion done up. Laymen are invited by the Government and the local authorities to live cheaply and eat sparsely; the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have sanctioned an expenditure of £1,500 in refurbishing his Lordship's palatial dwelling. The spectacle is beautiful. The prospect is enchanting. How good is it to see the Church up and doing! How gladsome to see a Bishop at work at last in that spiritual revival of the nation which the Episcopate so constantly and so fervently tell us the nation needs! Well may the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sitteth in the seat of the great Augustine, rise and declare in the midst that "The nation wants the clergy to remain at home at their work." We trust that the two Archbishops, the thirty-eight Deans, and the principal Secretaries of State, who in part compose the august body called the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, are not fatiguing themselves in their arduous labours.

Every Woman should read Mr. Bottomley in "Everywoman's."

RIDICULOUS RIDLEY.

JUDGE RUNS AMOK ON WESTERN CIRCUIT.

We understand that, as a result of his recent labours upon the Western Circuit, Mr. Justice Ridley has been a trifle indisposed, but, unhappily, there is, after all, little reason to hope that his retirement from the Bench is in immediate prospect. In the public interest, however, we venture once more to suggest that at the age of 72, and after nearly 20 years of judicial activity, his Lordship might doff the ermine with advantage to all concerned. With the "leading cases" in support of this contention our readers are familiar, and it is easy to add to their number, without travelling beyond the records of the Assizes lately concluded. At Exeter, a strong plea for mercy was entered on behalf of the late Clerk to the Paignton Urban District Council, who had pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of public funds, and, without traversing the whole circumstances of the case, it may be stated that there were strong grounds of extenuation, which were generously acknowledged by Counsel for the Crown. The prisoner, moreover, before his arrest, had joined the Army, and it was understood that if his offences were mercifully regarded, the military authorities would be glad to retain his services. To these powerful pleas, however, Mr. Justice Ridley presented as usual an adamantine front. Twelve months' hard labour was the sentence awarded, after which the upright and learned Judge hurried on to Bodmin, where a young auxiliary postman, charged with the theft of a postal packet, awaited his benign attentions.

A Savage Sentence.

Again there was a plea of guilty, and Mr. Justice Ridley was disposed to send the prisoner, a lad of 20, for Borstal treatment, but apparently lacked the courage of his opinions. "I have information," said the Judge, "that you are not thought suitable for that treatment, and I am not going against the opinion of the authorities, although I think you might have been beneficially treated in a Borstal institution." We should have thought that, after twenty years' experience upon the Bench, the Judge might have ventured to rely upon his own judgment in such a matter—but there is more to follow. The sentence actually passed was the brutal and senseless one of three years' penal servitude. However, a few days later the Judge returned to the case, announcing in the feeblest terms that he had decided, after all, to give the prisoner a trial under the more humane Borstal system. In arriving at this saner determination, his Lordship "did not wish to retract" anything he had previously said, his complete *volte face* being explained by the fact that he had "consulted with an authority present in Court," who apparently had advised him "to follow his own opinion." Upon such flimsy chances does "justice" depend when Sir Edward Ridley holds the sword and scales.

Gaol as a Cure-All.

One further case at Bodmin calls for notice. Walter Brock, a gardener, 57 years of age, formerly employed as a groundsman by the Truro Cricket Club, was indicted for "attempting to kill and murder himself," otherwise to commit suicide, by cutting his throat. The prisoner admitted the onslaught upon his own life, which he explained by the statement that he "did not know what he was doing." This view of the matter was accepted by counsel for the Crown, who stated that Brock had been suffering from bronchitis and had told a fellow-lodger that the illness had "nearly driven him mad." Had the attempt been successful, there is no doubt that a coroner's jury would have returned a verdict of "temporary insanity," but Mr. Justice Ridley adopted the unusual course of sending the culprit to prison, a fate nicely calculated to complete the overthrow of his mental balance. "In the circumstances," he thought "the best thing to do was to send the prisoner to gaol for six months with hard labour, not as a punishment, but because there he would be looked after." In the estimation of this weak-minded Judge, "gaol" seems to be the remedy for all moral and mental ills, but we cannot permit a sentence of this nature to pass unchallenged. With such atrocities on his conscience, there is small wonder that the health of the learned Judge is undermined—his passages at arms, the other day, with Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. Macardle (in what was styled the Frensham Ponds Case) could not have improved it.

A COWARDS' CASTLE.

SCIENCE MASTER'S ELASTIC CONSCIENCE.

Holyhead County School is Cowards' Castle, according to the Rev. T. Edwin Jones, one of the Governors. The Headmaster asked the Governors to help to secure the exemption from military service of Mr. J. M. Hughes, the senior Science Master; and Mr. Jones, the Vicar, had a few things to say and some facts to elicit. As no substitute had been advertised for, it could not be said that Mr. Hughes was indispensable. That gentleman had not attested, nor had any one member of the staff. "They consider themselves secure in a kind of cowards' castle," said the Vicar, and he also said that the Science Master "would rather be shot than join the Army." The Headmaster: "He is a conscientious objector. He is certainly against war. He will not kill a man." Yet this very person had applied to do munitions work!—so the lively Vicar remarked, "He would make explosives for others to use, but he will not risk his own skin by using them. Such an attitude by a 'conscientious' objector is detestable and contemptible. I have the greatest contempt for men of that type. He is an educated man who knows his duty, yet shirks it. I would rather close the school if necessary."

Mr. Hughes, Science Master, certainly has an elastic conscience, for it would allow him to make explosives but not to use them. He was scarified publicly by the Vicar, but the other Governors applied balm by agreeing to ask for his exemption. We offer him our best hopes that it will be refused.

UNDER THE HAMMER.

GOVERNMENT STORES SACRIFICED AT AUCTION.

Want any old iron? They call it Unserviceable and Obsolete Stores down at Woolwich, where a remarkable auction sale is advertised, "near the Royal Arsenal." 396 tons of iron, cast, wrought and steel scrap, make one nice little lot for some speculator to carry away in his pocket. Cupro nickel and lead are going also—things we thought were needed. There are 2,800 outer covers for motor tyres, 13 tons of canvas and rubber, and many other materials which, being so "near the Royal Arsenal," might very well be carried inside and utilised.

Another surprising lot is "20,000 bags of sorts." Are these not adaptable for use as sandbags? "1,400 flock pillows" would surely come in handy somewhere, for they cannot very well become "obsolete" till the flock runs out. 8 tons of waste paper should be a catch for somebody at war prices, while "16,000 horseshoe nail boxes, 10,000 projectile boxes, and 1,720 packing cases" are surely items that could be used again. And they probably will be, for this kind of wholesale waste by auction sale often results in the goods being captured by a "knock-out"—and resold to the Government.

A SLOW WIRE.

CALLOUS SUGGESTION BY THE G.P.O.

It will be readily acknowledged that people send telegrams because they expect quick delivery. It will also be admitted that one month and two days is rather a long time for a telegram to take in travelling from Darlington to London. But the Post Office has achieved this, and has incidentally thereby kept a gentleman out of a remunerative engagement for seven weeks.

It was a musician who advertised, on December 22nd, that he was disengaged. On the same day a theatrical manager who knew him wired with the offer of work. This telegram was delivered on January 24th, with the explanation that it had been previously left at a wrong house, although correctly addressed. Protest led to little beyond acknowledgment until, about a month later, a Post Office representative called with apologies and the following offer of cash compensation—namely, to refund the cost of the wire! This grotesque proposal, to a gentleman who had lost a good engagement and was seven weeks "out of collar" through the disgraceful blundering of Post Office servants, is a shining instance of the cool impertinence of a Department that denies responsibility for its most flagrant faults.

Save your Home. **See page ii of cover.**

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To President Woodrow Wilson, White House, Washington, U.S.A.

Dear Mr. President,—I am glad you have so far found the courage of your convictions as to demand authority from Congress for a firmer stand against the Huns. At length you appear to realise that, if the honour of the United States is to be preserved and the safety of her citizens assured, the policy of Washington must take on a sterner tone. I have never been among those who thought it fitting or seemly to lecture you on your public duty, but at times I have permitted myself a friendly word, and I view this change of heart with unfeigned satisfaction. More power to your arm.

John Bull.

To the Archbishop of York.

Your Grace,—In view of your "sacred memories of the Kaiser," I am not surprised to find that you are not prepared to lift a hand to save our women and children from the murderous Hun. You told an audience at Stoke-on-Trent the other night to "resist the impulse which was akin to unreasoning panic—the call for reprisals." And in the same paper which reported your speech I read of an inquest on an unfortunate man who was killed in Staffordshire by a Zeppelin bomb while walking out with his sweetheart: "A passer-by found the lady dying (she has now succumbed to her wounds), while the man's head was practically severed." Are Germhun women more to you than your own flesh and blood? Shame on you! John Bull.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.

My Lord,—It is indeed as I feared. On the strength of your undoubted popularity with all classes, you have been made a figure-head for the Air Service; but the real control remains, as I presume, where it always was—and that, as our friend Tennant might say, is "God knows where." You tell us that you are "merely the Chairman of the Committee," and that with "the defence of the United Kingdom against enemy aircraft" you have "nothing to do." This is just what I should have expected, but it is highly unsatisfactory all the same; and if the latest air shuffle is an empty farce, you ought not to lend it the dignity of your name.

John Bull.

To the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Birmingham.

Dear Comrade,—I took you at your word that you resigned the City Temple pulpit because the state of your health demanded your resignation. Apparently, it was a half-truth; and that sort of thing is worthy only of the Press Bureau or an Under-Secretary. In the light of the views wherewith you fluttered the theological dovecotes of Nonconformity a few years ago, I gather that unorthodoxy is no longer your doxy—or that you must have subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles in the catholic spirit of that other reverend gentleman who said he would not mind subscribing to forty. Certainly Mr. J. A. Kensit has extracted from your Bishop an "understanding" that you have withdrawn from circulation your Nonconformists' Bible. Man and mind, you begin to puzzle me. Whither next, my dear sir—Pope, Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha—or Mrs. Besant? John Bull.

To Lewis Grey, Esq., Captain Downie, and other Directors, National Shell Factory, Dublin.

Gentlemen,—I trust I have your names correctly. They are supplied by one of your women-workers. She tells me, on behalf of many others—some of whom went to Manchester at their own expense for training—that their pay is but 15s. weekly, even for widows with families to support. They say the work is hard and dirty, but *that* they would willingly put up with were their wage a living one. And they say the factory is cold and wet—that they stand part of the time in water, and without fires. Such conditions, if they exist, must be very terrible for women; therefore, gentlemen, I beg courteously to ask you to inquire into them, being assured that anything of the kind would meet with your strongest, sternest disapproval. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. F. D. Acland, M.P.

My Dear Acland,—You always were a prig, and the war—which has improved so many persons—has left you untouched. Why you should be made Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture is just as much a puzzle as why Dr. Addison, an ex-lecturer on Anatomy, should be the Parliamentary head of the Munitions Ministry. But being there, and having entrusted to you the duty of explaining to the House why Colonel Hall Walker's generous gift of his valuable racing stud had been accepted, you might have tried to behave like a gentleman. No one wanted your opinion on racing, because you know nothing about it. But to describe it as "a very low form of sport" not only revealed your ignorance, but your bad manners. Perhaps you are not aware that the King, whose minister you are—like his revered father—is one of those who indulge in this very low sport, and that Lord Rosebery—an ex-Prime Minister, whose boots you are not fit to black—is also a noted racing man. And what a gracious compliment to the generous donor! Mend your manners, if you cannot improve your mind. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions.

Dear Requisitioner,—What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; *ergo*, what is good for whisky cannot be bad for cocoa. Therefore it is that I am moved to proffer you what by the profane tongue is called a tip. I assume that you have taken over most of the big distilleries; yet, maybe, you require more works for your workers—may their work be blessed! Now, there is a finely-planned factory gasping for your control. Really, there are three of them, all of a bunch, occupying, with their gardens, recreation grounds, offices, etc., an area of 27 acres. The three-in-one factories are strongly constructed, with reinforced brickwork and ferro-concrete—just the thing for munitions. There is a private wharf on the river, with direct communication to the Humber. Upon my word, I think these premises are a plum for you. . . . Oh!—and I nearly forgot to say that they are at York, and belong to Messrs. Rowntree, who would be *so* pleased to help. John Bull.

To Mr. H. Searl, Fitter, Peckham.

Brother Briton,—From the disgusting orgies of so-called "conscientious objection" (in the vast majority of cases merely another term for revolting cowardice) which have been witnessed lately at the various military tribunals throughout the country, it is refreshing to turn to the high example of patriotism you set in insisting, although lying on a bed of sickness in hospital, upon being attested as a volunteer at once—rather than wait for your recovery, when, as a single man, you would automatically have become a conscript. I commend the recruiting authorities for acceding to your request. I trust the report of this inspiring incident will fill with shame the cowardly crew of shirkers who have slunk into ignoble shelter behind what they are pleased to call their conscience. And I congratulate your mother upon the possession of a son of whom she has such good reason to be proud. John Bull.

To M. Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic.

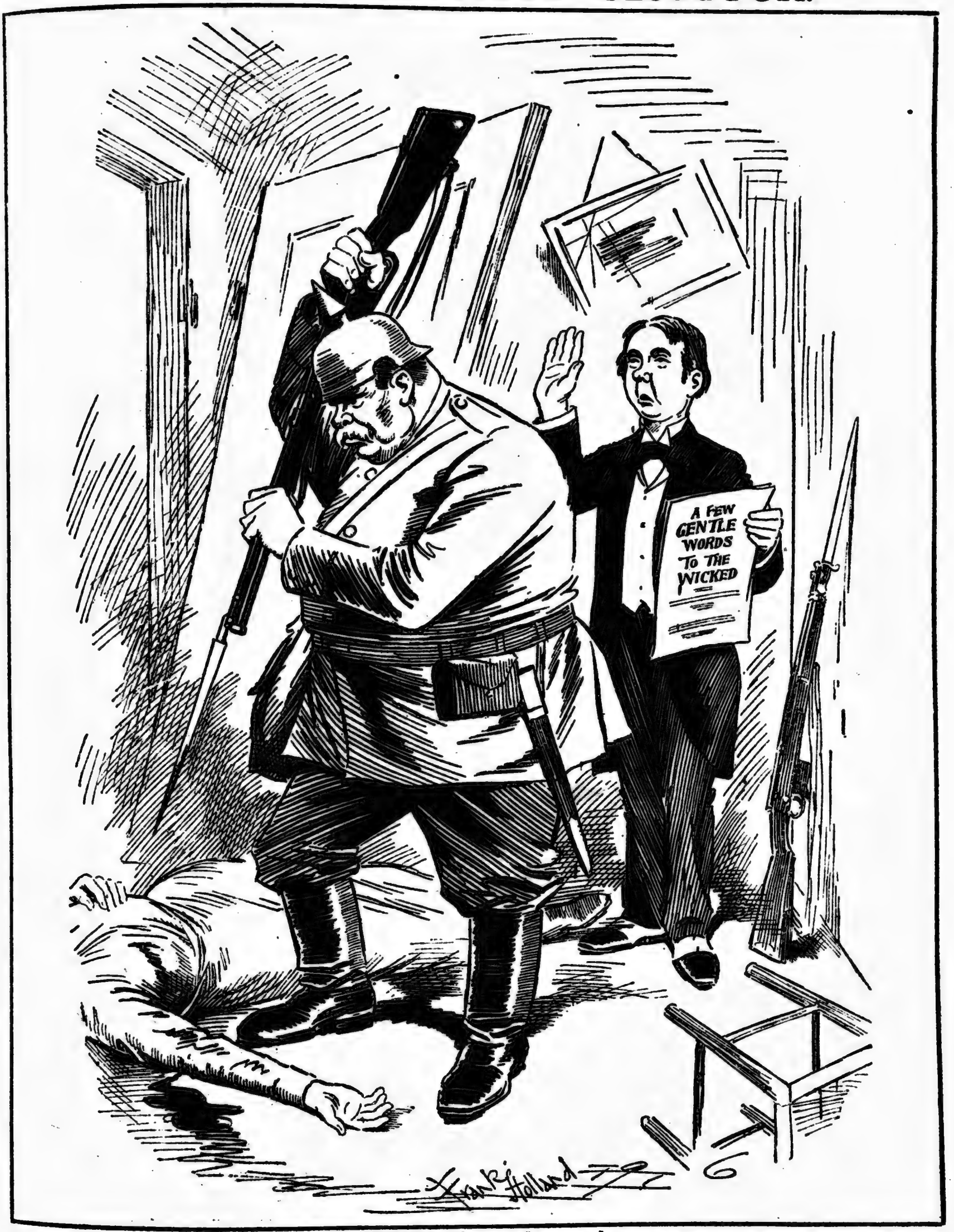
Dear M. le President,—With intense admiration we have watched the brilliant stand of the French Army at Verdun, where the soldiers of the Republic have won undying honour. When the full story of the great battles can be written, it will, I believe, form a unique chapter in the annals of war—fit to rank with the noblest episodes in the stirring history of France. Never were the British people prouder than to-day of the tie that links our two nations in the indissoluble fraternity of arms. John Bull.

To General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Force.

Dear Sir Douglas,—I am glad that while the struggle around Verdun has been raging, our own gallant troops have not been wholly denied the opportunity of action. In the neighbourhood of Ypres, a position recently held by the Germans has fallen again into our hands—the spirited effort of our troops being attended with complete success. I am glad to know that the advance has been made good, and that at all points of the Allied front the Huns are firmly held. For yourself and for your gallant officers and men, accept my cordial greetings. John Bull.

"Tommy's" best pal, the "John Bull" Pen.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.



"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a—COWARD."

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A JOCULAR STORY WITH A STING TO ITS TALE.

In all the annals of the British Circumlocution Office, it would be hard to match the methods of the State Insurance authorities. A New Cross panel doctor tells us that for two years he has been in correspondence with the County of London Insurance Committee in regard to arrears of payments for drugs supplied. In the course of his interesting letter, the doctor gives us the following account of his transactions with the Committee:—

> During 1913, I dispensed a few bottles of medicine to patients whom I attended at odd hours when the chemists' shops were shut. I sent in my account in the usual way, and received a foolscap letter saying that the charges could not be allowed. Later on, I received a cheque for part of the amount owing, and after further delay, a further cheque. Now, at the end of two years, I receive the fourth foolscap letter and the third cheque in respect of the matter.

The final cheque, an imposing draft upon the London County and Westminster Bank, is for the sum of—sixpence. "I am directed," says the Clerk to the Committee, "to forward herewith a cheque in final settlement of your account under your agreement with the Committee in respect of drugs and appliances supplied to insured persons during the medical year ending January 11th, 1914." The date of this letter is January 17th, 1916, the complete settlement having taken rather more than two years. Having at length obtained his rights, not without repeated application, the doctor is reminded that the sixpenny cheque "requires endorsement" and a "receipt must be given," although it is considerately added that "no acknowledgment by post or otherwise is required." Fortunately, our medical friend is able to regard the whole thing as a joke, but its graver aspects cannot be wholly ignored. Such dilatory tactics are grossly unfair to the doctors, and a serious reproach to the officials concerned. Moreover, the treatment accorded to medical men has an obvious bearing upon the interests of insured persons, who, in the circumstances disclosed, have strong cause of complaint.

A TROUBLED TAILOR.

SAD SEQUEL TO A SOULFUL SCHEME.

In September last we criticised a scheme for the assistance of disabled soldiers, promoted by Mr. Ronald Garland, a tailor of 65, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, who proposed, with the aid of his customers, to furnish remunerative employment in the tailoring line. While learning the details of the business, such as "pressing, machining, basting, etc.," the maimed warriors were to receive a wage of £1 a week, and in order that there might be no difficulties on pay-days, the customers of Mr. Ronald Garland were invited to subscribe sums of 3d. a week and upwards, according to their means and inclinations. We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Garland's immersion in the gentle cause of charity seems to have reacted unfavourably upon his business interests, and at a meeting of his creditors held recently, a most unhappy condition of affairs was disclosed, the statement presented by the debtor showing a deficiency of £1,085. We understand that a Deed of Assignment is proposed as the best way out of this unpromising situation, but it is with the "charitable" side of Mr. Garland's business that we are more immediately concerned. Questioned by creditors, the debtor admitted that he had received some £30 in subscriptions towards his "School of Tailoring for Disabled Soldiers," and that these sums had been paid into his ordinary business banking account, instead of into a separate fund. In these circumstances, Mr. Garland had had "certain fears" as to his position in the matter—obviously a delicate one—and upon the shrewd advice of his solicitors, he had decided to return the money to the subscribers. For the sake of his general creditors, it is to be hoped that Mr. Garland has some exact memorandum of the amount of the subscriptions received, while from the subscribers' point of view it is equally important that some sort of record should have been kept. Unhappily, Mr. Garland's financial methods seem to have been of rather a rough and ready order. We venture to hope that the refund is now complete.

AT LONG LAST.

"RONALD HOWARD" GETS A TASTE OF HIS DESERTS.

The matrimony-monger whom, under a score of aliases—including Ronald Howard, Clement Stanley, Millicent Forbes, etc., etc.—we have pilloried from time to time during the last couple of years, is now meeting with a portion of his deserts. Acting upon the hint we gave them in our issue of February 5th, the authorities have prosecuted him for falsely filling up a Lodger's Registration Form, when taking up one of his temporary abodes for the purpose of his frauds—and he has been sentenced to three months' hard labour. When put to the test, he proved a mean and vindictive coward. There was no fight in him—he pleaded "guilty," in the hope of saving his miserable carcase as far as possible, and attempted to injure further the wife whom he had for many years treated with brutal neglect and physical cruelty. A couple of years ago, upon the publication of our first exposure of her "lord and master," this poor woman came to us with her tale of misery; and from our "Human Document" Fund we provided the money necessary to secure a legal separation from her unworthy spouse. We have tracked "Ronald Howard" step by step through his labyrinth of fraud—issuing timely warnings of his various metamorphoses—but have been careful to shield his wife by refraining from publishing the name she has the misfortune to bear. The poltroon, however, when at last called upon to answer for one of the least of his offences, had no compunction in proclaiming broadcast the particulars which would reflect upon an innocent woman, whose only fault had been that she had trusted him too well.

Although "Ronald" has had a long run for his money—or, rather, other people's—even after he has purged the offence for which he has been convicted, he will not be "out of the wood."

BOOTS FOR SPECIALS.

NEEDED FOR THE FEET OF FINE FELLOWS.

London Special Constables want boots. The boots they want are the regulation ones, absolutely indispensable this weather. Under the present rules, they cannot obtain them until they have performed 60 police duties, so some of the willing men may go through the winter with sodden boots, frozen feet, chilblains, rheumatism, and other complaints too numerous to mention—but all horrible—only to receive their stout, correct boots when the flowers bloom in the spring. Citizens who come forward to act as Specials are deserving of every consideration, and decent footwear should be first of all. The men could also do with overcoats and caps, for comfort's sake, and to make them look what they are. A Special who wants an overcoat after he has been sworn in must deposit 30s., to be retained till his 60 duties are done. But very many fine fellows, willing to work like a horse for the nation's good, have no money to spare, and the community should see to it that they go properly clothed to their terribly heavy task. The men themselves say that coats and caps are a secondary matter; they can grin and bear this deprivation (though it should not be), but boots they *must* have. We are in accord with their sentiments in every particular, and we echo their request for "Boots, please!" They need them, and they deserve them.

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

"Star":—

"We . . . are no haters of peace. We want it more than anything in the world—except the triumph of evil."

"Yorkshire Evening Post" (advertisement):—

"Girls (leaving school), for Filling, Cording Cushions, near sewers; weekly wage."

"Scotsman":—

"For many years past . . . there have been . . . reports in the city and West End that the married groups would in all probability be summoned to the colours much earlier than was expected."

"Express and Echo" (Exeter):—

"The father keeps 50 bullocks, 22 of which were milking cows."

In Home and Camp "Bullets" is the Ideal Competition.

"JOHN BULL"—ITS READERS—AND AN OFFER.

Brains to the Front.

In times of crisis strong men come to the front. Now is the time when the efficient can make full use of their powers. Britain to-day has no use for slackers and inefficient people. They are the weeds to be cast into the national bonfire. The weeding process now going on is leaving all the best places and well-paid positions open for the men and women with BRAINS.

"J.B." Readers Lend a Hand.

In every sphere of life, young, enterprising, efficient men and women are literally leaping to the front. Their quick wits and trained brains are in demand everywhere. A large proportion are readers of JOHN BULL. They are keeping the business machinery running, and directing and organising the things that matter to-day.

Men and Women Supplied.

"Wanted—A Man!" That was JOHN BULL's appeal months ago. Since then JOHN BULL has supplied not *one* man but thousands of men and women from amongst its readers to help run the military and industrial machinery of Britain. In the fighting line and in the thinking line, JOHN BULL boys are to the fore and the front. They are managing, organising, directing, doing. They are carrying through their jobs in the quickest time, with the least possible wastage, and with the greatest possible efficiency.

How to Get the Big Jobs.

Scientific mind-training is a marvellous thing. It doubles and trebles the powers and working capacity of the mind. It makes you more efficient in every way. It makes you Self-Confident, Resourceful, full of valuable and original ideas. It enables you to develop great Organising and Directive ability. It gives you Decision and good Judgment. It banishes Forgetfulness and gives you a Memory which never fails. These are the qualities which count—which are in demand. When you develop them (as you easily can) up goes your Income. You get the big well-paid jobs, and, what is more, you keep them.

By Way of Example.

Hundreds of particular cases might be quoted, but a few will be sufficient to appeal to the commonsense of JOHN BULL readers.

Student T. 4,318, a clerk, wins promotion to a manager.

Student P. 45 reports 600 per cent. increase of income.

Student B. 5,285, a shopkeeper, doubles his year's turnover.

Student H. 4,040, an engineer, gains important position.

Student W. 4,182, a sales manager, gains 20 per cent. increase in salary.

Student C. 4,247, a journalist, gains £250 prize.

All these students attribute their success to their Pelman training. These are hard facts which deserve hard thinking about.

A Triple Tribute.

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TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand wonderful for aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1½.

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WOMEN IN THE FIELD

Dear Friends,

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"Nonsense!" he said, smiling in that irrigating way of his. "The streets of London haven't looked so picturesque and romantic for years."

"I'm not speaking of the streets of London," I retorted, "I'm referring to women in the field. But now we're on the subject, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me why you're so fond of going out lately on wet and windy days. There was a time when you wouldn't stir if——"

"For the same reason that farmers go to market," he interucted, with one of his stupid greens.

"Don't tell me!" I desponded. But I should like to know exactly what he meant. Anyhow, that's neether here nor there, as the passenger said when the express drain stopped between stanchions.

"Since you appear to agree with women in the field," I proceeded, perusing the conservation——

"Especially in the hayfield," he interucted once more, winking at some actress showing her legs in an illustrated paper.

I utterly gnawed his foolish remark, but added:

"Perhaps you can tell me what conscription of work it is contended that they shall do?"

"What? Hoeing," he said.

"Can't you be serius for one moment?" I demandled. "What ho-ing, indeed! Yes, I fancy I can hear the privates 'what ho-ing' to the soldiers in draining as they marsh by."

"'Hoeing,'" he said. "I said 'hoeing,' not 'what ho-ing'."

"Then why didn't you say so?" I said.

"I did," he said. "They will do hoeing and drilling, and——"

"Drilling!" I cried, laughing sconefully. "You're mixing them with the soldiers."

"Not I," he replied. "They'll do that on their own account."

I refuged to decuss the subject any further with him, but decidled to write and peel to you, my dear friends, to join me in a protest against the deployment of women on farms. It was never indented for our sects to plough the fields and scuttle the good seed on the land, as the song says, nor to pluck the sheep and harvest the crane. I once saw a professional gentleman on the stage harnessing a horse, and from the number of times he turned complete glauber salts I should say no more unsootable deployment for women than staplework could well be imagined. War is a terrible thing, I know, and has already upset a lot of our old-fashioned lotions; but there is a limpet to all things, and sooner than see a daughter of mine encaged in farm work braving the Elliman's all weathers, folding up the sheep, and cutting her master's corns, which I'm told they will be expectorated to do in the Autumn, I would make Mr. Malaprop-Brown go back to business.

TOPICAL PLAYLETS.

THE SHUFFLERS.

Scene I.—The Prime Minister's Private Room.

Lord Derby: Look here, Asquith, I *will* have justice for the attested married men! My name is being dragged into disrepute through the shilly-shallying of the Government!

Asquith: Dear me, dear me! My dear Derby, what's all this? Sit down, and tell me what all the trouble's about. Can I offer you a little refreshment? Whisky?

Lord Derby: No! I won't sit and I won't drink. I——

Asquith: Then have a cigar? Nothing so soothing as a good smoke. You've read Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine," I daresay. Don't you——

Lord Derby: Damn Barrie, and his Lady Nicotine too! I've come here to talk business, not to be treated like a brainless nut at an afternoon tea-party. I ask you again—are you going to honour the pledges which, with your approval, I gave to the married men, that the single men should all be enlisted before any of the married groups were called up? What is this I hear about eight married groups being called up by April 7th?

Asquith: Ah, you mustn't pay any attention to mere rumours, my dear fellow. All sorts of fantastic reports get about, you know.

Lord Derby: Rumours or no rumours, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question? I tell you, my honour is involved in this, and that is not a thing to be treated lightly. When are you going to have the young, single shirkers turned out of the Government offices? When are you going to have the cowardly young curs routed out of the mines and munition works in which they have sought shelter for the purpose of getting starred, where they are earning good money while better men fight for them? I tell you plainly, Asquith, until this is done I will not allow one married man to be called up if I can prevent it.

Asquith (*secretly pressing bell under table*): Quite right, my dear fellow. So long as you are connected with recruiting it is only right that the pledges you have given should be scrupulously observed. (*Telephone buzzes.*) Are you there? Yes? At once. Is it so important? I'm awfully sorry, Derby, but I am called away to the War Council very urgently. Excuse me—excuse me. (*Rises hurriedly and leaves room.*)

Scene II.—The War Council. *Enter* Mr. Asquith.

Asquith: I say, something will have to be done about Derby. He's in a towering passion about his pledges to the married men not being kept. I'm afraid he'll cause trouble, and upset all our plans if we are not careful.

A Member of the Council: Can't you shunt him? He's done his work. A man so absurdly punctilious about his honour might prove awkward at this juncture.

Asquith: H'm! I hardly see how that can be done.

Another Member: Make him Air Minister. There is a lot of public dissatisfaction just now with our aerial defences. His should be a name to conjure with, and would quieten the country immediately.

Asquith: But he knows nothing about aeronautics!

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Several Members: Appoint a fresh man. He could safely say he was not responsible for the pledges of his predecessor.

Asquith: H'm! I'll think it over. [*Exit.*

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Cut out the Coupon opposite.

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergyman's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

The recent bitter weather was severely felt by the poor, who came to JOHN BULL office much as the robins are supposed to flock to the barn to keep themselves warm. The bulk of the sufferers were soldiers' wives, the paucity of whose allowances made it impossible for them to provide clothing adequate to resist the cold snap. Many of them reported that they had no fire and little food. We did our best in each case.

Up till a few years ago, when the worn-out English horse was no longer physically fit he was sent to the Continent to be turned into sausages and steaks. Many of our no longer physically fit men are now being turned adrift, to take pot-luck in a world which is not always charitable. A large proportion of the victims are incapacitated for any but the lightest work, which is hard to obtain. There will be an avalanche of such sufferers in the near future, and we are apprehensive concerning the strain which will fall upon our Fund.

A Guardsman at the Front did his duty well, and was sent back very severely wounded. Upon being restored to health as much as he ever will be, he was naturally discharged; but his pension is a small one. When he came to us he was in acute financial distress, and we helped him to tide over the time until he can find suitable employment.

A North London soldier's widow had the misfortune recently to lose her child, and a week ago she was summoned by the Attendance Officer on account of another youngster who could not go to school for want of boots. The kind-hearted cadi fined the poor woman 10s., with the option of gaol. We saved her from imprisonment.

Last week we received a visit from a soldier whose health has been permanently ruined by poison gas. The poor chap—a widower, with one child—is permanently unfit for any but the lightest work, and has a pension of only eightpence a day. Before he was poisoned his chest measurement was thirty-six inches; it is now but twenty-seven. We naturally sent him some relief.

A poor old widow is but a year too young for the old age pension. Her only son is fighting for us, and she receives as separation allowance 9s. a week, which is her sole income. Practically bootless and thinly clad, she came to us during a drifting snowstorm. We took immediate steps to make her more comfortable.

Another poor widow was barely able to subsist on her separation allowance, which ceased completely when her son was turned out of the Service unfit to work, owing to wounds. Hunger haunted the house, and we sent money which we hope will keep things going until "My Lords and other Commissioners" at Chelsea decide what pension the lad is to have.

A third widow—with a large young family—was turned out of her humble home by a rich company. The blow came at a time when the poor woman was under a mountain of troubles. She had no supporter, her eldest son having been killed in France. She was directed to JOHN BULL, and is now more easy in "mind, body and estate."

Having passed all last winter and a portion of this in the North Sea and Channel sweeping for mines, one of our men was beaten by the weather and had to come ashore, unfit for work. He has two children, and a wife who is in bad health. He appealed to us, and we sent him something to put in the locker.

A boy in the Service begged us to assist his mother, six little brothers and sisters, and his father who was ill in bed. To crown the family's misfortunes, the poor woman has been sued in the County Court by the landlord. We did what we could for them.

A soldier's widow wrote to us in her distress. Her husband died in the Service, and during his absence with the Army she buried two children. The case was a genuine one, and met with instant relief.

A woman some time ago buried her ex-soldier husband, and soon afterwards her two delicate children died. True, she experienced some of that charity which the very poorest extend to each other; but she was in deep distress when she applied to us, and she did not go empty away.

A man, who is serving with his two brothers—they are all married—wrote laying before us the distressed circumstances of his mother and father, who can get no relief from the public funds, and whose fate appeared to be the Poor House. Here, too, we acted promptly.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Staff of Cie. Generale Frigorifique, Madagascar" (per T. E. B.), £23 16s.; "A Constant Reader" (Stamford Hill), 10s.; "Presbyterian," £1; S. R. (Harrogate), 2s.; P. M., £1 1s.; Mrs. L., 1s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; M. S., 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund," £4; H. H., 1s.; "Enid and Joan," 1s. 6d.; "Plodder," 1s.; S.S. *Chang Wo* (per D. E.), £2; A. B. C., 7s.; A. B. (Hankow), £1; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Coaly Tyne," 1s.; R. Y., 3s.; J. F. W., 6d.; M. A., 25s.; F. P., 1s.; M. S., 6d.; S. C., 6d.; "Derbyite," 1s.; M. F., 1s.; J. E., 6d.; E. A. B., 6d.; Mrs. G. C., 5s.; X. Y. Z., 1s.; M. R., 1s.; L. W. G., 1 dollar; W. H., 2s 6d.; "Hannah" (Cardiganshire), 2s. 6d.; F. W. H., 1s.; "Little Alice," 6d.; L. R. T., 6d.; "Mary," 1s.; T. M., 5s.; W. K., 1s.; E. A. W., 2s.; Mrs. G. B., 1s.; K. P., 1s.; "Inasmuch," 5s.; "Collected from a few Working Girls on Pay Day" (per J. F. B.), 6s.; H. H. S., 5 francs; "Policeman and His Mate," 6s.; A. E. C., 1s.; H. H., £1; "Cecil Laurie," 5s.; P. D., 1s.; J. L. (Paris), 5 dollars; F. C. (Ilford), £1; H. C., 5s.; "S.," 2s.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 10s.; "We Two" (Shorncliffe), 5s.; J. D., 1s.; Anon., 6d.; E. N. G. (Liverpool), 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. M. Pollack, "Carpenters' Arms," Dante Road, Newington Butts, 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.; Mrs. Jezzard, "Bapt st's Head," St. John's Lane, Smithfield, 4s. 8d.; Mr. H. Morgan, "Crown and Shuttle," 226, High Street, Shoreditch, 3s. 1d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 4s.; Mr. G. J. Bletsoe, 33, Canonbury Road, 2s. 6d.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, 2s. 10d.; Mr. F. D. Goodman, "Pegasus," 73, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, 2s. 11½d.

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Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. Packed in handy metal case for the vest pocket. Send a P.O. for 2/6 now and receive a full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Department 33) Birmingham.

Free Sample sufficient to prove sent on receipt of postcard.

DR. POGSON'S SKIN TREATMENT

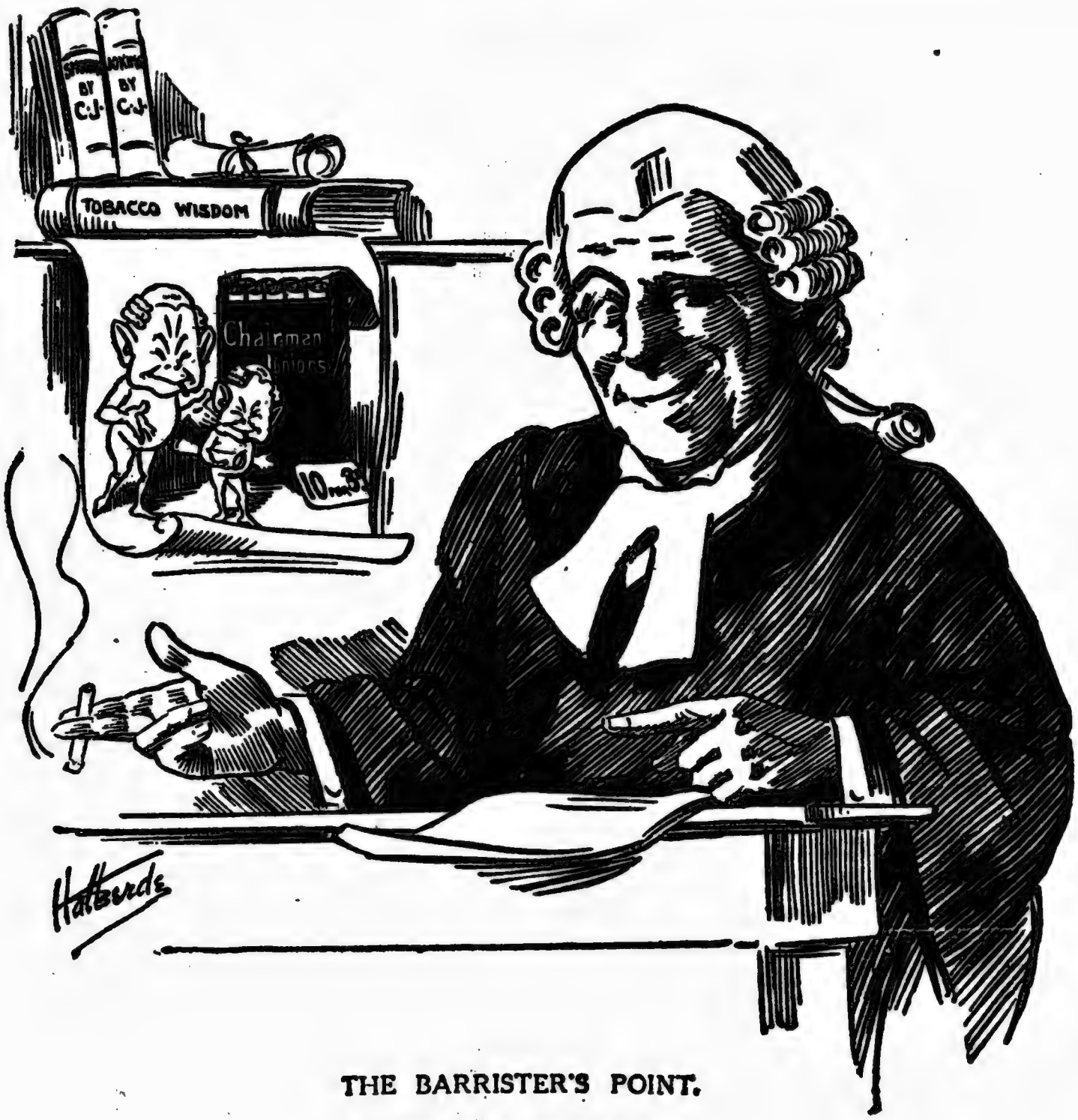
is acknowledged by leading British medical men to be the finest discovery for all skin ailments, and is constantly recommended to patients with eruptions of all kinds, from simple causes to acute disease. A prominent Leeds photographer says:—

"My hands were in a terrible state owing to the strong chemicals used in my daily occupation. Since trying Dr. Pogson's Treatment there is a marvellous transformation, and I am more than satisfied with the results, and shall continue with it to counteract the effect of the acids on the skin again."

All persons suffering from trade eczema will find these famous preparations invaluable.

Dr. Pogson's Skin Soap for Perfect Skin Beauty 1s.
Dr. Pogson's Skin Ointment, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

At all Branches, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., Boots' Cash Chemists, also leading chemists, or direct from Pogson, Halton, Leeds.



THE BARRISTER'S POINT.

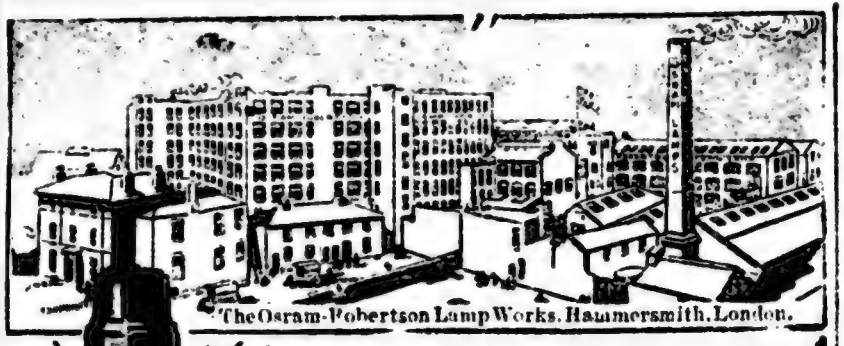
This legal light of high degree,
(I hesitate to name his fee
Lest some should say I'm joking),
When pressed to prove beyond dispute
Our "Chairman Juniors" wide repute,
Proclaimed, with wink and smile astute,
"The proof lies in the smoking."

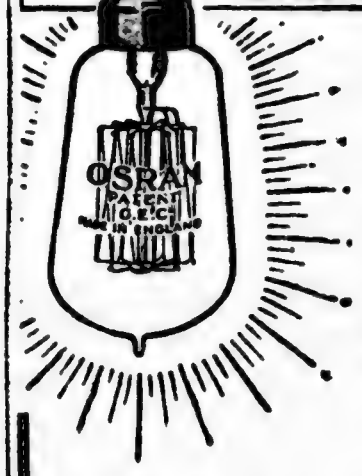
"The proof lies in the smoking." It does, and if you will try them you will be glad, because they are intrinsically good. Quality has not been sacrificed to size. They are just the necessary amount smaller than the original Chairman Cigarettes to permit them to be sold at 3d. for 10. The quality is there and it ensures pleasure with every smoke. All tobacconists sell them in their green push packets at

3d. for 10.

Chairman Juniors are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

THE TRIAL OF CHAIRMAN JUNIORS. No. 3.


The Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London.



The Premier

is the dominant factor in the nation's councils. OSRAM is the dominant lamp in the nation's homes and workshops. British workers make it. The British public demand it. OSRAM is England's premier lamp.

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Lamps

See that every lamp sold as OSRAM bears the words, "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES CURED

MEDICAL TREATISE & CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE—FREE

A WONDERFUL discovery has been made which completely cures all blood diseases without the use of poisonous ingredients or dangerous metallic substances.

On writing to the address below you will be sent—under plain cover, free from observation—a medical treatise fully describing these complaints and their cure.

This treatise will be sent to you gratis and post free, together with a special chart, which, if you fill it up, entitles you to free confidential advice.

Remember, this is a perfectly harmless remedy, which cures the most terrible troubles, whatever the name or nature of the disease:—

Amongst the blood disorders completely cured by this treatment are:—

Eczema, Anæmia, Ulcers, Locomotor Ataxy, Scrofula, Sores, Eruptions, Poisoned Blood, Psoriasis, Lupus, Bad Legs, Carbuncles, Piles,

and other disorders, whether acquired or inherited.

FREE TREATISE AND ADVICE.

Write to-day for a copy of medical treatise describing the treatment. It will be sent you, FREE FROM OBSERVATION, together with a special chart. On filling up the latter you will be sent—without any fee being charged—confidential advice on your case. All communications are treated in the strictest confidence. Write to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

DOMIGO, The Great African Blood Purifier, can be obtained in handy small tablet form, price 5s. per box, of all Chemists. If you have any difficulty in obtaining, send P.O. for 5s. and we will send by return, Post Free. THE DOMIGO CO. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.

Locomotor Ataxy.

H. B. writes:—

There is no doubt that "Domigo" is the greatest remedy for Locomotor Ataxia. I have had this complaint for about 2½ years, and have been under several doctors and in two hospitals, with no apparent result whatever. I had given up all hope of ever recovering. But since starting the "Domigo" Treatment I am pleased to say I am on the road to recovery.

No Sleep for "Nerves."

Cured completely by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Walker.

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have really done me a world of good," says Mrs. Walker, of 6, Anderson Mount, Gledhow Road, Leeds. She continues: "Some 18 months ago I got into a low, weak state, terribly run down and nervous. My digestion was all out of order and after food I suffered with wind, and pain between my shoulders. Often I had bad attacks of sick headache. Then I began to suffer with my throat. First there was catarrh, and then swelling and pain. I was terribly nervous: I couldn't sleep for nerves, sometimes couldn't even remain indoors, but had to go out and walk about. I was told I had Rheumatism of the throat but all the things I took did no good. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets and almost at once felt better. My throat grew well and my nerves steady. Now I am quite cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Mal-Nutrition**
Nerve Paralysis	**Anæmia**	**Wasting Disease**
Spinal Paralysis	**Kidney Disease**	**Palpitation**
Infantile Paralysis	**Indigestion**	**Premature Decay**
Nervous Debility	**Stomach Disorder**	**Loss of Flesh**

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing.

Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., 194 Hor. BT 6, Chester Road, Manchester.

An easy way to Save.

You can save the cost of new clothes and yet look just as smart,—if you let us clean and press your old suits and overcoats. We charge but 3s. 9d. for overhauling a suit and making it like new. This includes cleaning and removal of stains, pressing and re-shaping, and any minor repairs which may be necessary. No carriage to pay or orders passed through Branches or Agents. Write for address of nearest.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

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Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D35

STOP PULLING GREY HAIRS.

"Every hair on your head is numbered."
"Every hair pulled out is—lost for ever."
DR. EMILE ROUSSEAU.

Dr. Emile Rousseau (a distinguished member of the Paris Faculty, and now attached to the French Army Medical Corps) has discovered how to make every grey hair recover its lost natural colour. This method does not "paint on," but restores each hair from the centre outwards. The method used by all Royal Court and other leading hairdressers is simple and inexpensive. Anyone can use it. No one can tell you have used it. People will, of course, say: "Why, how much younger you look!" But they won't know how or why—unless you tell them. Colour lasts, too. No unnatural metallic glitter.

Washing, Shampooing, Rain, Sunshine, even Perspiration or Turkish baths, make no difference to the "Inecto" restored colour. Brushing, curling, waving, lotions, brilliantines and dressings only improve the treatment. Read the Treatise descriptive of Dr. Rousseau's wonderful discovery. You will learn how to look—and feel—years younger. You can again take your place among the "not-too-old."

Write for copy of Treatise (stating if for lady or gentleman), sent gratis and post free in plain sealed envelope, to The Secretary,

INECTO, LTD., 52, South Molton Street, Bond Street, London, W.

THE MAJOR

soliloquising:

"Quite a discriminating young fellow that new Sub. . . . Said he could offer me a better cigarette than I was smoking. Jove! he was right, too. . . . A chap who can find out a good thing like this won't be long before he gets promotion. . . . Must make a note to get some. . . . What's the name? . . . Ah!

CAVANDER'S

"ARMY CLUB"

CIGARETTES

20 for 9d.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries. (*Established 1778.*)
Obtainable at all Branches of A. BAKER & CO., Ltd.

OLD BUSHMILLS WHISKEY

AND VERY NICE, TOO.

"Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd.,
20, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

THE C.O. WAS ANGRY.

We appear to be a kind of 75-millimetre gun in the opinion of some people. The day after our comments on the 8-19 London Regiment appeared, the Colonel had a muster parade of the battalion, and seems to have let himself loose concerning JOHN BULL and everybody connected with it. We hope he will now turn to and improve the condition of his battalion. If so, we shall not have spoken in vain.

TRUTHFUL TOMMY!

We thank the thousands of men in the trenches along the entire front who have sent us copies of that bugle-call effort, every item being fitted to the first line of a hymn—very appropriately selected. But why does each sender of the effusion claim to be its author?

BITS TO SETTLE BETS.

Young officers at the front appear to while away the time by making bets on various subjects, principally concerning the usages of war. This paragraph will answer several questions left to our arbitrament. Great Britain, Austria-Hungary and Turkey signed The Hague Convention against the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons; the Germans did not sign. Captured officers are entitled to payment at the rate granted to those of equal rank in the service of their captors, whilst all troops who are held as prisoners of war are supposed to be treated as regards rations, quarters and clothing on the same footing as the soldiers of the Government which has captured them. When bombarding a city or town it is regarded as a point of honour, also an established rule of warfare, that all churches and public buildings shall be spared as far as possible. Germany was one of the Powers who signed the article in The Hague Convention forbidding the use of poison gases.

THE COZENED CAPE MEN.

Our disclosures concerning the pay of the South African contingent have stirred up the leading members of the Cape press. Now that General Smuts has been sent to the front, perhaps some M.P. down there will take the matter up and earn the gratitude of the Starving Brigade. They are feeling sore against the Union.

WHO'S WHO?

Orders were issued that no seaman or fisherman should be called upon to enlist. Now we hear from Mr. Runciman that such men must enter the Service. In the name of everything sacred, who is right?

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

A Territorial Royal Engineer on joining in 1914 refused to allot in favour of his wife, as she had a comfortable business. On returning from France he was informed that, notwithstanding this, the County Association had supplied her with a weekly allotment out of his pay. This seems to be a bit high-handed, and we suggest that the Association should restore the money to the man.

THE WAGONS AND THE WAGS.

The War Office wired to an officer, telling him that they were sending six ammunition wagons for his third line. He replied that he had no third line. The answer was, "Send your horses and fetch them away." He telegraphed, "I have no horses"—whereupon the wise Department suggested that he should send his men. The Tommies pulled the wagons to a drill hall in the neighbourhood, loaded with implements. They are not wanted where they are, and are probably forgotten by the W.O.

WORK FOR THE FUNKERS.

Now that our Conscientious Objectors are being turned into R.A.M.C. men, we hope that a supply of them will be sent to the Egyptian Military Hospitals, where the soldiers are looked after by natives, most of whom know nothing of the English language.

OUR GRATITUDE!

A fine young man returned home from the United States and received a commission in the 9th East Yorks. In January last he died in a London hospital from disease contracted during training, having given his life for us as surely as if he had fallen in a rush at the front. Now his father in the States has been handed a demand for the payment of the burial expenses, amounting to about £26—the cost of the church service being included!

PUNCTUALITY AND PUNISHMENT.

A boy gunner in France was recently given four days' No. 1 Field Punishment—which, among other things, means being crucified to the wheel of a gun carriage—his crime having been to turn up a few minutes late on parade. He had been on guard all night, and his feet were practically frozen. At the time of the parade it was raining heavily, and the poor lad could hardly crawl along—hence his "crime." What does Mr. Tennant think of it?

A PLEA FOR JACK.

H.M.S. *Natal* was blown up in British waters. We dare not say precisely where, although the enemy knows. A small number of men were picked up, and two days after the disaster they should have received their quarterly settlement, but it has not hove in the offing yet. The Marine survivors—seven out of seventy—have each been presented with a bill for 15s. 10d., for clothing supplied when they were rescued; whilst none of the men can claim for the private property he has lost. Is not this incomparably mean? What has Mr. Balfour to say about it? That poor chaps, blown sky high and mercifully spared, should be docked for their necessaries, while the great British Admiralty holds back pay and allowances due to them, is a matter that merits the attention of Parliament.

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Tpr. Wm. Quinn, A Sqdn., Royal Horse Gds.; Spr. F. Jones, 11513, 26th Co., R.E.; Pte. T. W. Ledger, 2168, 6th Durham Rgt.; Pte. E. George, 15292, C Co., 7th Northampton; Pte. T. Lovell, B Co., 2nd Batt., The Buffs; Pte. J. Gallacher, 726, C Co., 3rd Batt., 1st Inf. Bgde., Australian E. Forces; Pte. W. J Gilbey, 14519, 2nd R.F.; Pte. T. Bennett, 15033, 11th Essex; Spr. E. J. Creamer, 20713, R.E., c/o D. of W. H. Q.; Spr. W. Roeph, 6522, No. 1 Sig. Co., R.M.R.E.; Dvr. T. Dignam, 112651, A.S.C. (late of Forest Hill); Pte. W Marshall, 9718, 3rd Co., 1-8 Scottish Rifles; Pte. W. H. O. Callaghan, 1343, C Co., 6th K.O.S.B.; Pte. J. Haigh, 12869, B Co., 9th K.O.Y.L.I.; Cpl. F. Haines, 6373, C Co., 1st Border Rgt.; Pte. J. B. Whiteley, 2261, C Detach., A Co., 7th Manchester; L.-Cpl. E. H. Everard, 11144, A Co., 2nd Oxford and Bucks L.I.; Pte. W. G. Courtnell, 2472, C Co., 9th East Surrey; Cpl S. Smith, 92243, 55th Battery, R.F.A.; Rfn. J. Berry, 2172, A Co., 1st Monmouthshire; Pte. E. Halliday, 3157, A Co., 2-4 Q.R.W. Surrey; L.-Cpl. S. J. Coxon, 256, A Co., 2nd East Surrey; Gr. J. Hamilton, 79025, A Line B Batt., 70th Bgde., R.F.A.; Pte. J. J Dimmelow, 17487, 7th South Staffs; Pte. D. C. Morrison, B Sqdn., 5th Dragoon Gds.; Pte. J. J. Leworthy, 13060, 2nd South Staffordshires; Pte. G K. Saunders, Bombing Section, 4th Gordon Hdrs.; Pte. H. B. Bradley, 7702, 2nd Duke of Wellington's (West Riding); Pte. J. Duggan, 18464, 1st R. Inniskilling Fusrs.; Pte. D. Winter, S. 4068, The Queen's R. W. Surrey; Sergt. R. Coombs, 2719, Rifle Brigade.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats about with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS submitting MSS. for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS. so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

J. R. (Hove).—You say optimism will not win the war. Anyhow, the war cannot be won without it. Pessimism paralyses.

F. G. (Portsmouth).—For obvious reasons, the active management of the war must be left to those appointed to manage it.

E. T. (Westcliff) declares that our writings have "stirred his innards." Now we shall be able to advertise: "Don't take drugs. Read JOHN BULL. Worth a Guinea a Shock."

H. E. G. (Hammersmith) AND OTHERS.—We note that, in answer to our recent query, "Where is Cromwell?" you think the reply is "At 93, Long Acre." We will make inquiries.

A. R. H. (Aberystwyth).—Thanks for congratulations. It is nice to know that our dogs can win—even if our horses can't.

"ULSTERMAN" (Ballymena) always reads JOHN BULL when he is run down and in need of a tonic. He should read us regularly and *never* be run down.

"BRITISHER" (Douglas).—No intelligent neutral now believes that war was forced on Germany by Britain and our Allies. The fools who believe such rubbish will never be convinced to the contrary.

W. B. (N. Kensington) sends us some old newspapers to remind us what happened a century ago. We wish he would send us some to remind us what will happen in a century's time.

"LOOS & LENS" (W. Peckham) wants to know when the lawyers and amateurs are to be cleared out of the Government. Amateurs, sonny? They're professionals, every jack man of them; professional politicians, we mean.

DR. ETHEL, M.D. (Birmingham).—Behold now our Air Minister. We must not detail our defencelessness too much.

C. D. S. (Hythe) says, 'We are considerably fed up with the Control Board." And get precious little to drink during the feeding, no doubt.

"ANXIOUS" (Leeds).—In our opinion, the Zepps. are not much helped in their fiendish atrocities by "mysterious cars" and "mysterious lights." They have been helped by railway locomotives, and the glint of water.

E. R. (Fulham, S.W.).—Cannot say whether Lord Haldane has material as well as "spiritual" interests in Germany. In any event, we would not give him a mark for any of them.

W. H. W. (Wylde Green).—The young, able-bodied shirkers of Birmingham, who have been helped by sanctimonious and selfish employers to hide behind stars, will discover shortly that there are such things as falling stars.

L. A. E. (Chiswick), "writing on behalf of womankind," says: "We *must* and *will* have the suffrage, after, if not before, this ghastly war is ended." With pleasure. Any time you like.

"PERPLEXED" (Southampton).—Certainly the decisions of the Southampton Military Tribunal are "legal," though three members were absent. The Southampton Tribunal may consist of any number from 5 to 25.

"SAILOR" (s.s. *Cluny Castle*).—It may be that the South and South-West of Ireland "is a dead corner where treason and all its kind breed and flourish in spite of all the Irish have done in the field," but when you assert that "Redmond openly tells the National Volunteers to keep their rifles ready—what for? Germans? No, to use against England to get Home Rule"—we beg to suggest, with all the courtesy at our command that you are talking tosh.

P. P. (Nottingham).—Suppose we shall have to give the "Blockade Minister" a chance.

B. D. (Leytonstone) asks, "Are our munitions workers all true Englishmen, as shells fired by our boys often don't explode." Not often; only occasionally.

W. S. (Woolwich).—We have always understood that hundreds of British workmen left Woolwich Arsenal for Krupps, when the staff was reduced in consequence of Lord Haldane's "economies." Whether they are still employed there we do not know.

"FUSSY MR. DAVIS" (Tembridge).—We are glad to know that, notwithstanding your dabblings in Esperanto, you are proof against the evil whisperings of the No-Conscription Fellowship. Their aims and principles appeal to curs and cowards.

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (Gorleston) asks whether we "imagine that the average man cares a dam, or a damn either, whether *Ich Dien*, which he probably can't pronounce, is German, Welsh or any other gibberish." Perhaps not; but that is the pity of it. It is because for years the average man has not cared a dam, or a damn, for the things that matter—such as our system of government, our foreign policy, the Army, etc.—that we are now in the throes of this war. In future, the average man will *have* to care a damn for these things, and others, else it is all up with Britain.

"CONSTANT READER" (Cornwall).—The name of the village of St. Germans spoils the map of Cornwall. We are surprised that the inhabitants do not rise up and protest against its continuance. The association of "St." with "German" is offensive and ridiculous. "St. Germans," as well as *Ich Dien*, must go!

T. T. (Thirsk) says: "Theology is the science of God, and you cannot teach religion without a description of God." Then religion cannot be taught, for no one can describe God.

R. N. (Morpeth).—The Bishop of Newcastle is having improvements made to his house at a cost of £1,500, while munition workers at Newcastle—who are just now more valuable than Bishops—can scarcely find one room to live in. But you must not kick the writer who said the Bishop, being one of the heads of the Church, could not be content with a dwelling that would do for "a carpenter." That is an ironic hit at the Bishop. Don't you see the point?

T. F. V. (Nottingham) protests against the All-Highest Baby Slayer being referred to as "the Kaiser," since he is *not* "the Cæsar," which the title would imply. All right. We have several other names for him.

G. W. F. (Norwich).—The Treasury, having printed in three colours a bill about Exchequer Bonds, are so proud that they posted you three copies in a week. And this at a time when employers cannot get men to do their work once. Perhaps they thought the third time would be lucky.

F. S. (Bootle).—We are far from being satisfied with the administration of the P. of W. War Fund, but use your own judgment.

U. G. B. (Glasgow).—We have given ample evidence from time to time that our view is correct. For instance, not so very long ago we published correspondence showing that a big firm of millers refused to supply any flour at all to a local baker because his competitors had reported him for selling bread cheaper than themselves.

"CAPTAIN" (Stoneycroft).—"The consequence of British Colonial Governors travelling on Germhun ships is a good deal of pro-Germhunism among officials, which should be stamped out." They won't travel in Germhun ships any more for many days to come.

"AMERICAN" (Chicago).—Frank Harris is a skunk. He left this country for the country's good.

H. H. B. (R.A.M.C.) does not like our answer to H. F. B. *re* teetotalers, and says he is "bound to take up the cudgels on their behalf." We are thinking, of course, of fanatical teetotalers; the others do not raise our ire.

F. P. W. (Leicester) thinks we are not severe on the Kaiser as we ought to be. Perhaps not; but we shall get quite angry with his Satanic Majesty presently if his Imperial Highness does not behave himself.

"BEN BATTLE" (Birkenhead).—Evidently you do not agree with our idea of reprisals. Conversely, we can't agree with your—that "there shall come a time when our men will be able to hang the Kaiser on a Potsdam lamppost." More probably he will be banished to Hampton Court Palace on a tremendous pension.

E. G. (Brighton).—We share your indignation against people here feting and feasting German "Royalties," Prince and Princess Salm-Salm. Their proper place to feed is alongside the Hoggheimers, Guggenheimers and Mullers—in an internment camp.

E. J. (Bournemouth) says Bournemouth dustmen are to be paid less, while £1,000 a year men retain full figures. At the Winter Gardens women are employed at reduced rates and old men dismissed. If so, it is economy starting at the wrong end. Interested to hear that the poor Austrian (said to be Russian, but cannot speak the language, though talking German fluently!) is allowed to live in Bournemouth because of ill health. Hope he won't infect the place.

In every hand, in every land, the "John Bull" Pen.

MRS. W. G.—Sorry you have heard Belgians say, "Curse the British dogs!" You think the trouble arises because some have been fined for not registering as aliens, but it is not that. As there are bad Britons, so there are bad Belgians—and you, working for the Red Cross have met the wrong ones, scamps who would growl if lodged in Buckingham Palace. They are the scum. the Belgian people are not like that.

H. R. G. G. (Southend).—We are as keen on Poor Law reform as anybody, as our record shows, but no effective work can be done in that direction at such a time as this.

"LOFTY" (Liverpool).—We sympathise with your loss of £1 in a registered letter that went down in the *Lusitania*, but losses by act of the King's enemies are outside the scope of the insurance effected by registration. If you kept the numbers of the American notes. you should claim at Washington.

"WILLIAM" (Rhyl).—Your friend is quite correct. Over 5,000 "Bullets" prizes are awarded *every* week.

"DROITWICH" (R.E. Depot).—The intercession prayer that we should "think of our enemies in the spirit of Jesus Christ" postulates an impossibility.

R. C. M. (Tenbury) knows a farmer who, having found a bag containing "upwards of £300 in cash, etc.," was rewarded by the grateful owner with fifty-six pounds—of flour. It is just as well to be thankful for all gifts. He might have been rewarded with 56 lbs. of onions.

A. V. (Littlehampton).—*re* emigration, "Haven't you rather made a mistake in your General Booth letter?" We did not notice one. Your view of the Salvation Army emigration scheme is not ours.

E. C. B. (Warmwell).—"Father" says he thanks you.

"CONSCRIPTORS" (Male and Female).—"Father" says he doesn't.

W. R. (Leicester).—Gambles is Hansen & Gibb under another name. We must have done him a world of moral good, for he is now playing on quite a different fiddle, but the same old tune.

MRS. C. (Bolsover).—Your letter is not clear, but if your daughter has not yet had full value for her payments to Davis and Co., "pawnbrokers of London," County Court them. Have frequently warned readers that they are a notoriously unscrupulous firm.

"OLD PONIKER" (Westbourne Park) says the Royal Parks gardeners have petitioned the Board of Works "about five times" for a war bonus, without success. We ourselves have a poor opinion of faith without works.

MESSRS. W. COOPER BROS. (Clerkenwell Road, E.C.) are anxious we should state that they are in no way connected with W. Cooper, Ltd., of Old Kent Road, against whom we have frequently warned our readers.

A. K. (Manchester), referring to our remarks on Ford's Peace Profits, says he is sorry "there are not a few more firms in Manchester like the Ford." If we have said anything we can be sorry for we shall be glad of it.

"MAUDE" (Coliseum, Dublin).—As you say, the majority of "revue" girls are "good, clean living." The paper you indicate will inevitably come to an end in the fried fish shops.

MRS. F. (Fulham).—The sentiments of the *Tagliche Rundschau* on Zeppelinism are nothing new, for they are characteristically those of every Germhun assassin of women and children.

"ORLANDO" (Grimsby) sends us a six-page "Psalm of Hate" concerning the Germhuns, and asks us what we think of it. We think it is a waste of good ink.

W. E. T. (Benenden)—The Lighting Regulations are made under the D. of R. Act. Fines for first offence certainly heavy, but the district has to be considered, and "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." Know nothing against the Company you name.

W. B. McC. (Glasgow).—So you include our warning of a coming Zeppelin raid amongst what you are pleased to call our "False Prophecies." Don't trouble to send an apology.

C. M. (Hamilton) says the *Glasgow Herald* corroborates our statement about Lord Fisher. So does every sensible paper.

"TEMPORARY SORTER" (Clapton).—If we were to publish everybody's demand for higher wages, we should have no room for anything else.

J. J. M. (Virginia).—It is a question of facts, and we have not all the facts before us. In England the other day a man got two months for hoping in a public-house that a certain British warship would be torpedoed.

W. J. G. (Deptford).—Conundrums are not in our line, or else we would tell you "the difference between Lloyd George and Lord Derby."

PRIVATE W. C. (King's Heath Hospital).—The remarks by an R.A.M.C. man printed in a Scottish newspaper are in bad taste. but to criticise would only advertise them. Besides, the man himself is getting over fever. Perhaps he scarcely knew what he wrote, and we think you will be charitable and forgive him.

"MEDAL."—A silver medal about the size of a two-shilling piece has been picked up at Ypres; obverse: a shield, P.O.S.B., 1914; reverse: Cricket, Sec. 2, M. L. Masters. Will owner or owner's relatives communicate with JOHN BULL Office?

J. B. (Buxton).—War-time cookery is really rather outside of our scope. We leave all such things to our companion journal, *Everywoman's*.

W. J. D. H. (Taiping, Perak).—Many thanks. The English local paper in question doesn't amount to a peanut. The guinea from "self and boys" has been acknowledged as you wish.

MISS E. P. (Sparkhill).—You were right in retorting in round terms on the canting shirkers who had the impertinence to reprove you when filling in a "Bullets" coupon in the post-office. All such snuffling spies should be in a home—their last, long one.

"BULLETITE" (Birmingham).—So you put your £5 prize on Gale's Special "Masterpiece"—and it came off? Lucky chap! —*but what about our Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund?*

W. D. (Graskop, Transvaal).—The question of "tacking these Gold Fields in the Lydenburg District with its overwhelming Boer population" is a subject on which we have not yet been fully informed:

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—Very many thanks for your generous gift of £15, which is being administered in accordance with your wishes.

E. J. (Upper Clapton) requires five Surgical Aid letters to obtain a new plaster jacket. Will any reader who can help kindly do so?

C. L. and OTHER ANONYMOUS READERS.—Many thanks for the poem, "The Face on the Bar-room Floor"—a copy of which has been forwarded to Pte. R. B. G.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

The weather spoiled racing at Lingfield, the ground being very sloppy. For this reason, too much notice need not be taken of the results, though The Bimkin, by winning the Welter Flat proved not only that he has the turn of speed I credited him with, but also that he can stay.

At Windsor this week-end we have the two substitute Manchester Easter events, the "Jubilee" Hurdle on Friday, and the "Lancashire" Steeplechase on Saturday, each worth £300. For the first-named event I like SAUCEPAN, and for the latter FATHER CONFESSOR, who has a considerable pull in the weights with some of the others as compared with the "National" estimates.

On Friday, CAROL SINGER is the probable winner of the "Blue Cross" Hurdle, and Mr. Pick should win the Maiden Steeplechase. On Saturday I like LLANTHONY for the March Hurdle, and CHAKA for the Carleton Hurdle.

Orders for Thursday's "Special," dealing with the meeting, should be sent to Messrs. Oldhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, by Wednesday, and for the Wires, to me, care of JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, by Thursday morning.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 22.

Several matches were abandoned on February 26th. Two readers gave the correct results of all the matches played, and, under our rules, share the £100 prize, viz.:—MR. SUNBRIDGE, c.o. Mrs. Joyce, Market Place, Ingatestone; and MR. E. TERRY, 9, Heath Rd., Thornton Heath.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

W. PRESTON, Brunswick Street, Heckmondwike. February 5th. 457,690.

E. SANCTO, 61, Hope Street, Mill Town, Sheerness. February 5th. 991,114.

A. AUBYN, 27, Fountain Place, St. Leonards-on-Sea. February 19th. 323,596.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 4th:—

010537	237891	584936	852543	A145022
017371	281063	604729	862920	A163993
050764	345652	626580	905230	A177723
072874	374844	659342	924683	A182279
094785	426169	674390	972505	A230321
123693	458243	717243	A005762	A258756
147345	469765	746982	A038335	A266285
169820	489390	778116	A070820	A329391
176112	503136	825673	A095458	A341624
200043	542781	832795	A111244	A375303

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 15th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED. two Copies of JOHN BULL for March 4th. 1916. bearing on the Covers the Numbers 484 696 and A360,002. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

For a Week-end Pastime try making "Bullets."

"BULLETS" PRIZES OVER 5,000 WEEKLY!

2nd PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2nd PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(180) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one couron is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 181," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 10th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(180) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** Bullets' Competition, **No. 181. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **181** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 181,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 181.

MR. McKENNA	NOT WORTH TAKING	NAUGHTY BOY	FEELING PLEASED
THE GERMAN EAGLE	NOT STUFF	HAD ENOUGH	HARD TO TELL
CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR	AWAITING THE FALL	WON'T COME OFF	LEFT BEHIND
A WARNING NOTE	NOT WANTED	SLENDER WAIST	TOO LATE
PEMBERTON BILLING	A FINE DAY	MOST PEOPLE WANT	HEAVY DAMAGES

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 180:—

INDISPENSABLE
SHOULD BE TAXED
RASH ATTACK
SHIFTING THE ENEMY
STARS AND STRIPES
THE RUSSIAN BEAR
MOST DISTURBING WHEN
ALL AT SEA
SWEEPING VICTORY
TOMMY'S BEST GIRL
NO CHOICE LEFT
BOUNDING BABY
SPENDING TO MUCH
THE SERGEANT-MAJOR
WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES
WAITS WASHING
A RARE BARGAIN
MEETING HIS MATCH
GOING TO SLEEP
BACK ANSWERS
WHEN P. THEIR CALLS
A SOCIETY MEETING
KEEPING WARM
UPSETTING THE PEACE
THE LATEST REPORT
NOT WORTH TAKING
CHEAP AND NASTY
A DIRTY TRICK
DON'T BELIEVE THAT
DISHING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
DON'T BELIEVE THAT.

Bullet:—
GERMAN OFFICIAL IS ACCURATE.

Example:—
CHEAP AND NASTY.

Bullet:—
SOME BARGAINS ARE.

Example:—
GOING TO SLEEP.

Bullet:—
THE POLITICIANS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 1st

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated March 11th.

RESULT of 177TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. A. SMART,
41, Pyrland Road,
Canonbury, London, N.

Example:—NEUTRAL SUPPLIES.
Bullet:—"MORE AND MORE" ANNOYING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. E. A. MATHIESON,
5, Caledonian Road,
Edinburgh.

Example:—HAVING A GOOD TIME.
Bullet:—A FORTUNE "LEFT" HIM.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. JOHN P. LACE, 33, Hawthorn Road, New Moston, Failsworth, Manchester:
LOST CHARACTER—FOR IMPREGNABILITY—AVERAGE FORT.

Miss N. UDEN, Ilelen House, Regent's Street, Whitstable:
ALL BLUFF — ORDERLY OFFICER'S "ANY COMPLAINTS?"

Mr W. E. NORMAN, 17, Princes Street, Yeovil:
NEUTRAL SUPPLIES—REINFORCE ENEMY "FRONTS."

Mr PERCY HALEY, New Theatre Royal, Whitehaven:
WAIT AND SEE—THE GOVERNMENT'S "DRIFT."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MAUD OSWALD, 41, Northumberland Avenue, Kingstown, Dublin:
WEARING A SMILE—ASQUITH "KEEPS" HIS APPOINTMENT.

Mrs. C. GIBSON, 26, Richard Street, Jarrow-on-Tyne:
LOOKS TENDER—HUN PHOTOGRAPHED WITH "KID."

Mr. Jos. ALLEN, c.o. C. Clark, 129, Laygate Lane, South Shields:
PROMISE OF SPRING—NEW "LINES" TO "PUSH."

Mr. G. DEANS, 519, Great Western Road, Glasgow:
WEARING A SMILE—"INDISPENSABLE" THESE DAYS.

Mr. J. B. CRICHTON, Kinmount Gardens, Annan, Scotland:
LOST CHARACTER—LOSER "ONLY" CAN REPLACE.

Miss MORTIMER, 115, Urquhart Road, Aberdeen:
NEUTRAL SUPPLIES—RESEMBLE "JOHN BULL'S" CIRCULATION.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. E. E. WALKER, 20, Eade Road, Norwich:
WEARING A SMILE—DIFFICULT BEHIND LADY DRIVER.

Mr. JAMES BARR HUNTER, 27, North Parade, Belfast:
THE NEW GIRL—DOING "ODD" THINGS.

Mr L. COOPER, 61, Victoria Road Margate:
NOT VERY LIKELY—LODGER INVITED TO CARVE.

Miss A E MOLDEN, East Hardwick, Pontefract, Yorks.
UNWELCOME CALLER—SUBURBAN CHURCH'S CRACKED BELL.

Mr. R. TAYLOR, "Journal" Office, Swan Lane, Evesham, Worcs:
HAVING A GOOD TIME—SLACKER TILL "TOLD OFF."

Mr. S. E. FOLLETT, 24, Dunkeld Rd., Goodmayes, Essex:
THE NEW GIRL—ANSWERS OFFICE "RULES."

Mrs. HUTCHINSON, Senr., 10, Warwick Road South, Old Trafford, Manchester:
WEARING A SMILE—DOCTOR SAYS "REMAIN PATIENT."

Mr. W PETHERBRIDGE, 120, Cecil Road, Rochester, Kent:
Mrs. GRUNDY—WORRIES ABOUT THE "UNSEEN."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr J WRIGHT, 30, Beechey Street Oldham:
LOST CHARACTER—MANY NOSES SINCE RESTRICTIONS.

Mrs ISABELLA R TAYLOR, 62, Carron Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire:
FORWARD MOVE—REQUIRES MORE "BRITISH EXPEDITION."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 16th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(180) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, March 16th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(180) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 180." "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, March 18th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Everton will beat Manchester C. you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Manchester C. will beat Everton then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross (X).*

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, March 17th. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in ink. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Everton	v.	Manchester C.
			Manchester U.	v.	Liverpool
			Preston N End	v.	Blackpool
			Stockport C.	v.	Oldham A.
			Bradford City	v.	Barnsley
			Hull City	v.	Grimsby
			Huddersfield	v.	Leeds City
			Luton	v.	Reading
			Croydon C.	v.	Tottenham H.
			West Ham U.	v.	Millwall
			Queen's Park R.	v.	Watford
			Arsenal	v.	Brentford
			Queen's Park	v.	Airdrieonians
			Clyde	v.	Ayr United
			Dundee	v.	Dumbarton
			Kilmarnock	v.	Morton
			Raith Rovers	v.	Motherwell
			Third Lanark	v	Rangers

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 25 Closing date, Friday, March 17th

BUY THE 'CINEGOER'

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HIGHAM.

No. 3 NOW ON SALE.

Beautiful Coloured Picture of Pearl White on the Cover.

ALSO

4 FULL PAGE PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

READ

The Story of the Great Photo-Play

'FLANDERS—MY COUNTRY.'

'How the Cinema could help with Lessons,' by A Governess.

A FILM SECRET—'THE SPENDER.'

'THOUGHTS WHILE MOTORING,' by RUTH ROLAND.

SPECIAL CASH PRIZES TO OUR READERS.

A WONDERFUL TWOPENCE WORTH.

BUY IT NOW.

No. 4, on sale next Monday, contains a Fashion Article by

MRS. JACK MAY

Great Britain's Leading Fashion Authority.

Tell your Newsagent to see that you get 'The Cinegoer' delivered to your home every Monday. If you have any difficulty, write to 613 Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2s. 6d. for 13 issues, sent post paid.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd., also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada. All editorial communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 8595.